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CONTINENT

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A CHILD OF THE SEA.

OUR CONTINENT.

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PUBLISHED BY

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1882.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE first half-year of the *CONTINENT* is drawing to a close. We have troubled our readers with very little concerning ourselves. At the outset we said we would not deal in promises. Then it was a new venture in a new field. Through the kindness of our patrons we are happy to say that its success is no longer a matter of doubt. We have demonstrated that an illustrated weekly magazine is a necessity to the American reader. It is our intention to make the remainder of this first year of the *CONTINENT*'s existence one of unparalleled attractions. It will contain:—

- I.—The continuation of Julian Hawthorne's splendid story, "DUST," now running in its pages.
- II.—*Judge Turgée's New Story, "HOT PLOW-SHARES,"* now partly in type and to begin in No. 21.
- III.—Serial Stories by E. P. Roe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and W. M. Baker.
- IV.—Short Stories, Poems, Articles on Science, Art, Literature and Politics, by the first writers of the land.
- V.—The regular departments of the Household, Art of Adornment, the Still Hour, to which will be added a department of Foreign Thought, Book Reviews, etc.
- VI.—The *CONTINENT* will discuss all social, literary and political topics which may be deemed of interest to its army of readers, both editorially and by contributions from our ablest pens and wholly without regard to sect or party. We do not believe that any party's action makes wrong right.

That we may be enabled to make *OUR CONTINENT* still more worthy of your approval and still richer in instruction and entertainment, we ask every reader to give us enough of his or her time to secure us one more subscribers upon the following

SPECIAL TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

We will send *OUR CONTINENT*, beginning with *JUDGE TOURGÉE'S STORY*, until the end of the year (February 15, 1883) for \$2.00 if ordered before July 1; or we will send *OUR CONTINENT* until the close of the year, (Feb. 15, 1883) WITH ALL THE BACK NUMBERS, for \$3.00.

Our supply of back numbers is limited, and the demand already indicated for "HOT PLOWSHARES" will not justify us in promising back numbers after it begins. For this reason our offer is strictly limited to orders received before July 1st.

When it is remembered that *OUR CONTINENT* contains ONE-THIRD more matter than any of the monthlies, and is not matched by any other magazine in the magnificent material we have secured for the second volume, it will be seen that this offer is one of unparalleled liberality.

Some changes that we contemplate and additions to the corps of artists whose work has illuminated our pages, render it certain that its artistic attractions will be greatly enhanced.

If our friends will work for us a little we will repay them many fold in the enhanced value of their own subscriptions.

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OUR CONTINENT, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. HAWTHORNE's excellent serial, "Dust," is developing with that certainty and completeness of detail that marks his best work and stamps him one of the first of American novelists.

We are sorry to have our readers miss a single installment of that breeziest of all architectural series, "The House that Jill Built," but by some sort of misadventure it happens not to be ready for the printer's hands in time. We suspect that Jill has had so much trouble with her friends' advice that she hardly knows what to do next. It may be, however, that there has been a family quarrel and Jack has finally determined to assert himself and have his own way. We shall see.

JUDGE TOURGÉE's new story, "Hot Plowshares," will follow the conclusion of "Noon Hill Place," beginning in No. 21. The first installment is now in type. The story embraces a range of types almost entirely new, and covers a period of American history hitherto so untouched by the novelist as to excite surprise as its richness in material is unfolded in "Hot Plowshares." Every admirer of "A Fool's Errand" should secure the first number. Already we have a very large number of new subscribers, and the prospect is that even our large edition will be exhausted in a few days after its publication. Send in your subscription or leave your order with your newsdealer at once. See our special terms for back numbers, in another column.

The Irish Situation.

THE Irish question is giving the Gladstone government another illustration of the folly of extending clemency to the unrepentant. The attempt to conciliate organized aggression is always a failure. When the battle has once been joined the only way is to push it to an end. What would be spurned with scorn by the hopeful revolutionist is sure to be accepted with gratitude by the overthrown conspirator. Mr. Gladstone's great defect as a ruler is that he cannot realize this truth. What he has done and proposed is only a part of the accumulated balance of justice due to Ireland; but his policy of treating with unlawful and threatening organizations, undoubtedly led to the assassinations which have shocked the world. Justice long delayed is a dangerous explosive. That the end is near, or the climax reached, no one is weak enough to suppose outside of England, or even outside the most ardent supporters of the government there. Even since the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burke, an act sufficient it would seem to convince any one of the folly of conciliation, the government has brought in a measure which, though coupled with a most stringent Coercion Act, cannot but be regarded as a concession to unlawful violence. In some respects this Irish revolution presents a striking resemblance, and in others a curious contrast, to the Ku Klux movement at the South from 1867 to 1874. The intelligent American observer must look upon this movement and watch for its outcome with added interest on this account.

A Criticism Answered.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries and some of our correspondents have manifested considerable displeasure on account of the poem entitled "Memorial Day" which appeared in No. 13. One of our readers says that "if the *CONTINENT* is to be the mouthpiece of such unconstructed rebels as the author of that poem evidently is you need not send it to me any more." The others have not gone so far but are evidently hurt at what they deem an expression of unsound feeling with regard to the recent war. We have no apology to make. The poem was written by the editor of the *CONTINENT* to be read on the occasion of the decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead, and contains what he believes should be the proper sentiment of the Southern people for the heroes of the Confederate side. He does not know whether he is sound on the questions underlying and growing out of the war or not but of one thing he is sure: he is not predisposed to the view attributed to him by the critics of the poem but rather the reverse. He saw the war from the inside; was a private soldier in the Federal army at the outset, several months in Confederate prisons and still bears the unpleasant reminders of a service which was earnest if insignificant. For fourteen years after its close he lived among those whose best sentiment the poem is intended to reflect. He may be entirely wrong, but he has an intense pride, as an American, in the achievements of those men, has a profound pity for any ex-confederate who cannot endorse the sentiments of the poem and an unfathomable contempt for any man who would have them feel otherwise.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

Education for Women.

A contributor sends us the following article upon a question that is now attracting almost universal attention. It is intended as a reply to Dr. Magill's article upon the same subject, and sets forth with no little force the objections to co-education of the sexes.—[ED.]

I NOTICED an article in "OUR CONTINENT" some time ago by Mr. Magill, in support of the co-educational system, in which he sets forth that woman is able to accomplish as much as man, and should therefore be educated in the same manner. That woman is able physically and mentally to pursue the same studies as man, has long been conceded both

in this country and in Europe, and the question of the present day is, I think, not so much "Is the co-education of the sexes harmful?" as "Is it beneficial, and if so, in what way?" I think a separate training, suited to the future calls upon the boy and girl, infinitely preferable. First, a boy's education is to fit him for the active business of life; a girl's education is not required to render her capable of fighting in the world, but to adorn her home, and if she devotes, as so many girls in this country do, years to the study of abstruse subjects, she does so at the expense of time which might be profitably employed in the acquirement of accomplishments which are ever sources of pleasure, and should render her as independent in case of misfortune as a severer training.

Secondly, as to the influence of co-education on the character. Education is not alone the communication of knowledge during a given number of years, it is a leading forth, a training of the mental powers, a preparation for the business of life, and as long as the paths of men and women differ surely a different preparation for each is necessary. Woman's natural sphere is her home, and surely an education among her own sex, directed by some wise woman with special reference to her future destiny, will best fit her for that sphere. "That the influence of the sexes upon each other socially, under proper regulations, is beneficial in a high degree," I do not doubt, but let the intercourse take place irrespective of their educational career.

Literary News and Notes.

OSCAR WILDE is reported to be on the point of writing a book on the education of children.

OUIDA's volume of stories written for the little Prince of Naples is to be republished by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WALT WHITMAN defends himself in the last number of the *North American Review* against the charge of immorality.

M. LOUIS BLANC is making ready for the press a complete edition of his works, edited in the most careful manner.

A COPY of the "Mémoires de Sully," once the property of Louis XV, was sold in Paris not long ago for \$1020, and could easily have brought a larger sum.

THE fortune already made from his books by Alphonse Daudet is to be increased by his autobiography, for which twenty cents a line is paid by the publishers.

FORTY per cent. of the works printed in Germany in 1881 were in Latin type or "antique," and while Prince Bismarck thunders against the innovation, average people rejoice.

MATTHEW ARNOLD will lecture at Cambridge some time in June on "Literature and Science," and there is already a flutter of expectation as to what the master critic may choose to say.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. will soon republish a book by the Rev. T. Mozley, an Oxford man, who after long experience has written "Reminiscences of Oriel College and of the Oxford Movement."

THE "History of the Union League of Philadelphia" has been written by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, who spent a winter in Philadelphia for that purpose, and will be published by subscription by J. B. Lippincott & Co., the price being \$5.00 per copy.

MISS AMY FAY's "Musical Studies in Germany" have been translated into German, and appear in that country with the publisher's imprint of R. Oppenheim, Berlin. Its American publishers, Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, announce among other publications a new and large edition of "A Nihilist Princess," as well as one in paper covers.

THE Rev. J. H. Ward, of Boston, is preparing a memorial volume on Emerson, containing a great deal of personal matter. Mr. Emerson's lectures in the Harvard University courses are mostly unpublished. His literary executors will give to the public whatever matter in them has not already been used by the author, and portions of his journals will also be printed.

A RARE MS., supposed to have been compiled by one of the tutors of the unhappy Dauphin of France, and to have been hopelessly lost, has just been found in a chest of rubbish in a French château. It is a *résumé* of the biographies of several kings of France down to the time of Louis XV, and was carefully secreted on the person of the Prince while he was imprisoned in the temple. The margin is filled with notes in his own handwriting. The MS. fell into the hands of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who gave it as a souvenir to one of the Chauteraine family.

MARION HARLAND is an indefatigable worker, and one in whom the quality of the work accomplished has grown clearer and finer with each new venture. Of late years her "Common Sense Series" has made her a household word in thousands of families, and "Eve's Daughters, or Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," just published by John R. Anderson & Co., of New York, is of more genuine value than anything written for popular use, by far more scientific authorities than the author in the least claims to be. Every maid or wife in the land would be benefited by the hints and instructions of a book which while outspoken and full is yet so delicately and wisely written as to be not only an unquestionable authority but a witness to the earnest heart and mind of the writer, who deserves the gratitude of all women for a true woman's true word in their interest.

TWO PICTURES.

I

THE story runs, that once an artist came
Before the greatest master, all elate
With ardent glowing hope, that soon or late
His name might shine upon the page of fame.
Three snow-white lilles fresh with morning dew
Stood on the master's desk. "Take these, my son,
And paint them *true to nature*, one by one,
But let one-half the white be heaven's own blue!"
Now it were naught to grasp the blue of heaven,
And mingle with each petal's gleaming snow,
Then emerald leaf, and bid the canvas glow;
But, "true to nature," was the mandate given.
A thought flashed o'er him—paint a vase of blue
And send the golden sunlight streaming through!
"Well done!" the master said; "your skill is shown;
Henceforth your name shall stand beside my own!"

II

A poet youth, whom disappointment's fang
Had sadly torn, this old-time story read.
"My inspiration this shall be," he said.
"Brave, earnest labor shall subdue the pang."
And so, fair pictures were conceived again,
And rays of thought were blended. *Truth* the blue,
With *love's* prismatic colors streaming through,
On flowers of hope that spring from ground of pain.
Then, swift of step, the master's home he sought,
Joy holding him entranced. "Twould please the sage,
For soul and heart were on the glowing page.
Alas, 'twas but the eye of scorn it bought!
"Nay, come not near," he said in accents cold,
"Youth is not manhood—youth is over bold!"
"Then all is lost!" the tearless youth replied,
And on the very threshold sank and died.

III

Beside his tomb there stood in after years,
A brother bard of noble heart and mien,
Who felt for others in their joy and pain;
And bending down, his cheek all wet with tears,
He said, "How might that soul have blessed mankind
Were not men's eyes to *living* genius blind!"
And as a solace to the heart bereft,
Upon the marble these grand words he left:
"To the quick brow Fame grudges her best wreath;
"While the quick heart to enjoy it throbs beneath;
"On the dead forehead's sculptured marble shown,
"Lo, her choice crown—its flowers are also stone!"

MRS. J. OLIVER SMITH.

Behind the Scenes.

BY JEFFREYS BALSTON.

"I am a Trustee for Beauty."

DIFFICULTY is seldom experienced in distributing the leading parts of a play. Deep in most hearts is the conviction of the ability to play anything on short notice, from blandlet to a farce. But the minor rôles are full of thorns, and in self-preservation should be offered only to one of three people—a mild person, generally willing to oblige; a magnanimous person, more anxious for the success of the play or of the charity than for self; a very clever person, willing to commence, as on the stage proper, by hard study and a small beginning. The best amateur actress of my acquaintance was of this third class.

"The purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Before the first rehearsal each actor should read, not skim, not simply his own part but all the others, and that more than once. For the time you are to be quite another man or woman from your present self, but that is not all; you have also entered into relation with a whole circle of other ideal beings, and you need to know them; what you are to them and they to you; what it is reasonable that they should think about you and you about them. What you might call the proportion of the play should be the first object of your study. In it is the right conception of your part, and it sets the key for all your gestures, intonations and facial changes throughout.

"You speak all your part at once, cues and all."

The first rehearsal is better done book in hand. The "business," the various changes of position and by-play with different objects is a most important part of the scaffolding, and should be learned by reading and following the various directions given in their order, till there is a rough sketch of the whole outlined in each person's mind.

"First count the cost."

As far as possible laughing, comment and conversation of all kinds should be avoided during rehearsals, and emphatically there should not be dancing afterward. And let not this rule be thought too severe or needless. It is suggested by a long and successful experience in amateur theatricals, in which it has always been rigidly enforced and cheerfully obeyed. Like business, the drama is the drama, and will be had on no cheaper terms than hard, honest work. The doctrine of many and hard-working rehearsals is not popular I know. But ask yourself—the method of an Irving or a Sothern, of the *Théâtre Français* or of Wallack's is the method of the artist, the scientist, the lawyer, the financier—undivided attention and *patient study*. They all obey the law by which earnest work is made the root, persistency the stem, true pleasure the blossom and success the fruit. If you are to set aside this working standard by what will you be guided? The compliments and assurances of your friends? Alas, everybody knows that amateur theatricals are relegated to the same moral domain as umbrellas, and can no more be lied about than cherry trees. A congratulation is as conventional as a good morning. If a play is worth doing at all it is

worth doing well, and however amateur ignorance may propose to wave flags from Mont Blanc without taking the trouble to climb, experience *knows* that it is only to be done well by hard study.

"The race is now, not by the individual oar, but by the individual Four."

Acting is a joint stock affair. However perfect you may be, there is also to be acquired a certain readiness for the other actors, an adjustment of each to the other's method. You must learn to pull together.

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ousels as ither see us!"

But since the Pow'r denies, consult your looking-glass. Rehearse before it. Look to see, if *before* speaking, the foreshadowing of the speech in the face, that comes in real life, comes in your own—an important point this; also, if your expression, while you are speaking, follows and changes with your talk as the shadow does the figure. It should be so. Also think if you would hesitate before answering, or in the middle of your speech—whether here you would light a cigar, or walk away, or there button a glove, or twist a fan. The "lines" of your part are only the rough sketch. It is *you* who must fill them in and give them coloring, point and depth.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action."

Few amateur actors ever act below the chin. The twist of the shoulders, the jerk of the head, the spasmodic or indifferent action of the hands, the "give" of every line in the figure that instinctively accompanies action in real life should be studied carefully.

"What is your name? N. or M?"

A play is not a catechism, or a "cue" a question to be answered as rapidly as possible. Cultivate deliberation; not a drawl or a dawdle; the deliberation of real life in which we think, frown, smile, hesitate while talking. A play is a condensed novel: hence "real life" is always your model. A prompter should never urge an actor by supplying the word hastily. On the contrary it is much better to let it be understood that from the very first there will be no prompting, except in the most extreme need. Apropos: one actor should never prompt another during rehearsals. It is a monstrously bad idea, and should never be tolerated.

"Do you know what it is to long for whirlwinds, and have to do the best you can with the bellows?"

Moodiness is the Scylla, overacting the Charybdis of amateur actors; and most clever young amateurs are swallowed up in Charybdis. Remember! Nothing on earth is so wearisome as an action and voice constantly overstrained. A "crisis" is effective and dramatic, or wildly funny, because it comes seldom and makes a contrast to the general run. No one wishes to be kept mentally winking, by a lightning-like play of "effects." Absurdity is not self conscious, despair is apt to be dumb, anger is often low voiced. Keep your part down to the key set by the play and the general pitch of real life.

"What a dust do I raise!"

Much public criticism paralyzes the sensitive and rouses the stubborn and conceited to defiance. But every one is very willing to try a few private rehearsals with the manager alone, and experience proves such a system invaluable.

"Do not speak to the man at the helm."

The stage manager once chosen, let the *manager manager*. It is a difficult, delicate and sometimes thankless position. The manager, from his or her position, is much better able to judge of the general effect than you. Say as much to yourself and to the others, and even though you doubt and are discontented "don't speak to the man at the wheel."

"Midas has ass's ears."

A rule, that none of the company shall criticize the rehearsals during their progress, is not only Christian and kind-hearted but good dramatic common sense. Tell the reeds and they will tell the wind—and—"the wind bloweth where it listeth."

"Could it be possible there was any 'Fancy' in them demanding to be brought into healthy existence?"

If asked why this solemn earnestness about the cultivation of what is at best a trifling and frivolous taste it seems to me that the epidemic taste for theatricals and the Banyan-like growth of amateur theatrical associations over the country is a healthy and much-needed supply for a universal demand. Apart from the other very evident reasons that make us a sad and serious people, railways and the telegraph have brought us so close together that, whether we like it or not, we are made to realize "that of one blood are all the nations upon earth." The whole creation groans and travails together, and however hard or thoughtless we cannot altogether escape its throes, and to a certain extent are forced to agonize with it. Our happy sectional ignorance is quite put away from us. Everywhere men groan, struggle, die, cheat and are cheated, are victims or oppressor, and we know it. The sighs and complaints of the whole human race are forever sounding in our ears. The hard hand of the time is heavy upon us. Medicines are powerless for the brain and nerve-wear, the heart-weariness of it all. But the drama exercises unused spiritual muscles, leaving those daily worn and used to rest meantime. It obliges you to laugh as if there was no grief. It silences the creak of small cares and stops awhile the grind and worry of daily frets, in deep sympathy for larger passions in other men and women, and so restores the mental balance. Is not the drama, then, a moral and mental tonic? an intellectual addition to the two stock articles, dancing and eating, that make

the bulk of our limited amusement fund? And is it not a healthy instinct, that popular instinct, that delights in it, makes much of it and finds in it a remedy and a rest?

Personals.

A MONUMENT to Chief Justice Chase is to be erected in Cincinnati, and the remains of the statesman are to be removed from Washington to this point.

MR. DARWIN felt a deep interest in the new Free Education League of England, and one of his last acts was to endorse its programme and to make a liberal subscription.

THE Prime Minister of Spain, Senor Sagasta, is a very energetic and impassioned speaker, and usually raises a storm in his long speeches in the Cortes. His eyes are small, but bright and keen, and his dark face is a maze of wrinkles.

HARDLY a literary man of the present century has passed from memory with more completeness than Bulwer, and it is quite time for the "Life," the earlier volumes of which are said to be nearly ready, his son, Robert, Earl of Lytton, being busily engaged upon them.

DANTO ROSSETTI in his youth was one of the most brilliant of talkers, and an enthusiastic admirer of Shelley and Keats. Impetuous and with small respect for established reputations or established anything, one of his favorite descriptive epithets for a most respectable painter was Sir "Sloshua" Reynolds.

FORTY-EIGHT years and only down to the election of the first President, and yet at eighty-two, with this record of work behind him, Mr. George Bancroft hopes to reach the Mexican War and possibly even the Rebellion. He is one of the most painstaking of authors and often rewrites whole sections which do not satisfy his critical sense.

PROBABLY no stronger compliment has ever been paid any modern painter than that implied in the action of two Continental governments. The horrors of the battle-field are so vividly portrayed in Bulow's paintings that in Russia their exhibition was forbidden, while in Berlin, only a trifle less despotic, the military authorities forbade any soldiers to visit them.

THE latest departure of the esthetic school is in Mr. Whistler's walking-stick, six feet long and the diameter of a lead-pencil, but amply sufficient, we are to infer, to sustain the sublimated essence of artist or critic that will handle it. It is poised delicately between the thumb and finger, and Mr. Whistler announces that he intends it shall become historical, as his own invention in walking-sticks.

A CHARACTERISTIC story of both Emerson and Theodore Parker has been revived since the former's death. The two friends were walking together in Concord when a well-known leader of the Second Adventists rushed up to them crying in great excitement, "The world ceases at midnight!" "Well," Parker answered calmly, "I am not concerned; I live in Boston." "As for me," Emerson added, with equal composure, "I can get along without it."

No public man has a more ardent personal following than Alexander H. Stephens, whose neighbors regard him almost with worship. An amusing illustration of this is found in a recent story of his alterations on his house several years ago, when every house-owner in Crawfordville decided his amendments to be unconstitutional and set about repairs upon their own. Since that year not a nail has been driven in the village, nor will it be until Mr. Stephens again orders in carpenters and builders.

THE popular belief that a stupid son is the necessary sequence of a brilliant father is daily disproved, one of the latest instances being that of Waldo Story, the eldest son of the sculptor, W. W. Story. Graduating at Oxford five years ago, the young man at once adopted his father's calling, and has been studying and working in Italy ever since. Two of his works have recently been sent to the London exhibition, one of them, a "Paris and Helen," being a remarkably fine reproduction of the spirit and methods of classic art.

IN spite of repeated and most disheartening failures in ballooning, faith is not dead. Mr. King, the aeronaut, has projected a new theory and is convinced that success will follow its application. He believes the upper air currents to be such that if a balloon starting from the United States could be kept at a height of not less than 2000 feet, it would reach Europe. Accordingly he proposes to manufacture a balloon holding 300,000 cubic feet of gas, and having fastened to it a rope 5000 feet long. The weight of this rope will be great enough to prevent the balloon rising beyond the 2000 feet, and as it will be buoyed up by the ocean, there is small danger of falling much below that point, and thus, being held steadily in the eastward air current, Europe can easily be reached.

M. PASTEUR, who has just been received into the French Academy, is in some points one of the most notable of its members. He is a short, powerfully-built man, in whom it can easily be seen that he is not only a hard worker but comes from a race of hard workers. He is one of the most active opponents of Positivism as well as one of the most famous microscopists living, his special enthusiasm being microscopic ferments and germs. At present he is studying the origin of typhoid fever, and searching also into the nature of hydrophobia. Though a scientific man in a country where science seems always to have had an atheistic tendency, he is deeply religious, though in the liberal sense, believing that the Infinite has manifested Himself in every known religion.

BENDING TO YOUR WORK.

As the farmer's boy, ruddy and strong,
Swung his sickle he hummed a love song
Of a maiden both charming and fickle.
But I saw 'neath his long circling blows
The grain fall in heavy-heaped rows,
And the sweet breath of autumn uprose
From the grain as he thrust in his sickle.

With a movement of vigor and grace,
And a bit of a frown on his face,
(Was it caused by the maiden so fickle?)
So downward and upward again,
'Mid the ranks of the golden-crowned grain,
Which fell round his path like the rain,
He bent as he thrust in his sickle.

'Mid the firmly bound army of sheaves,
I mused on the strange fate that weaves
The threads in our life-looms so fickle;
But I learned ere I passed from the field,
That the best of life's fruits are concealed,
And only to those are revealed
Who stoop as they thrust in their sickle.

At the end of the swath on the stile,
Sat waiting a maid with a smile;
Ah, me! she is charming, not fickle.
On his bronzed face the red deeper grows,
As she gives him a sweetbrier rose,
And he—but I dare not disclose—
He kneels—and away goes his sickle.

FRED. E. WOODWARD.

"A MYSTERIOUS COMMISSION."

IT was almost dusk, on a winter afternoon, when I was sitting in my studio wondering if, after all, I had not been a fool in believing I was ever destined to make a living as an artist. My dear old father—a small manufacturer of silks at Lyons—had spared all that was possible from his savings to give me an art education in Paris. I had entered myself as a pupil at the Académie and had been a most diligent student at the life classes. There the rapidity with which I worked, and the general correctness of drawing and truth of color in my sketches, earned for me much praise. When my funds were almost exhausted—and I knew that except under the most urgent necessity I must not ask for more from home—I sought to fill my pockets by selling pictures to the minor dealers. They gave me little encouragement; all that the most favorable was willing to do was to put a picture in his window and try to dispose of it—in which case I was to receive three-fourths of the purchase money. Day after day I called to inquire if a keen discerning of unrecognized genius had found out the merit of my work. The same statement was always made to me—"a gentleman had looked at it and promised to call again." But the mysterious promisers never did return.

While I was meditating on my gloomy prospects I heard a low knock at the door. I rose and opened it. The gentleman who stood outside was tall and thin and dressed in black or very dark clothes—in the dim light I could not tell which.

"M. Paul Godin?" he inquired.

"Yes, monsieur. Will you not do me the favor to enter?"

He bowed and passed in.

"I must apologize for asking you into a dark room," I said, as I moved toward the table on which stood a lamp. "I had almost fallen asleep in the twilight."

"Pray do not light the lamp; my eyes are weak, and what I have to say to you I can say better as we are."

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. My visitor was evidently a gentleman; his manner and accent proclaimed that. In his voice there was a sadness which at once evoked sympathy.

"As you will, monsieur. To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"I do not wish to give my name; I am here on business that can be transacted without disclosing it. I must ask you to excuse the customary formality."

I bowed and pointed to a chair. My visitor took it, paused a moment as if thinking how he should begin, then spoke quickly, almost abruptly, as if he was anxious to lose as little time as possible:

"M. Godin, I have been told by some one who knows you well—no matter who—that you can paint from life with great quickness and accuracy. I want a figure painted to-night."

"To-night!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, by candlelight, and it must be done before daylight to-morrow morning; that is, in the rough; you can finish it here afterward. The subject is a strange one, and the conditions on which I shall give the commission are: that you submit to be taken to and brought from my house blindfolded; that you shall not ask any questions; that you shall never tell any one what you may see there; that you

shall never show any one the picture you paint or reveal its subject; and that if you should ever meet me after to-night you shall make no sign of recognition. I know that these are startling conditions, but I am willing to pay liberally. I will pay you one thousand francs now and another thousand when I send for the finished picture. Do you accept?"

For the moment I was stunned. Here was what seemed to be a fortune placed suddenly within my grasp. The conditions were certainly "startling," but I was young. I had no fear and the mystery piqued me. It seemed as if I had suddenly been transported back to the days of the *Tour de Nesle*, to which Marguerite de Valois summoned her lovers, who arrived blindfolded and were borne away dead by the silent waters. If some such tragedy was in store for me I was poor enough and desperate enough to take all the chances.

"Well," said he somewhat impatiently, "do you accept?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Good! Here are one thousand francs."

"I will give you a receipt."

"It is not necessary. Now gather your materials and select the largest canvas you have here."

I got together what was needed.
"I am ready, monsieur."

"Then you must allow me to blindfold you. Give me your handkerchief. There! Does that hurt you?"

"No."

My hat was fortunately a soft one. He turned the brim down so as to conceal the fact that my eyes were covered.

"Now follow me to the carriage, and remember, M. Godin, I trust to your honor as a gentleman to fulfill all the conditions I imposed."

It was with no little difficulty that I managed to descend the stairs with my load. At the landing the stranger took hold of an elbow and gently guided me. As we passed into the street my companion spoke in a whisper to some one who was evidently waiting for him.

I was then put into a carriage and driven rapidly away, but so many turns were made that I could not determine in what direction we were going. Some one was sitting by my side. I presumed it was my visitor, but he did not seem inclined to speak, and I had plenty to occupy my thoughts. Where was I being taken, and for what purpose? The more I pondered the more uneasy I became. My only comfort lay in the certainty that I had a thousand francs in my pocket.

After a while the carriage stopped and I was told to get out. Some one took my arm and led me up a flight of steps, then along a hall, then up a staircase and finally along a corridor. I judged from the height and width of the staircase, which was of stone or marble, and the rich carpeting of the passage or corridor, that I was in a grand mansion.

"Sit down, M. Godin. There is a chair immediately behind you. When you hear me close the door of this room you may uncover your eyes and begin work. You are to paint precisely as it is—the what is lying on that bed. You must finish before five o'clock to-morrow morning. When you are ready to go away you must rebandage your eyes, then sound a bell you will find on the table. A person will come and conduct you to your studio. In ten or twelve days I will send for the picture; it must be packed so that no one can see it, and you must pack it yourself. The person who will come for it will pay you the second thousand francs. You will find refreshments on the table. Now I leave you. Do not forget the conditions you have promised to keep."

I heard him close the door. Then I eagerly tore the bandage from my face. The glare of a brilliantly-lighted room oppressed my eyes for a few seconds, and I could only distinguish that the apartment was large and magnificently furnished. As my vision grew clearer I saw that almost immediately in front of me was a very handsome coffin standing on a platform or dais covered with black velvet. I had been prepared for something strange, but the sudden sight of the coffin made me shudder. In a moment or two, however, I gathered courage enough to walk toward it. It was empty. The lid stood by the side, and some of the silver screws had fallen on the floor. I picked one up and looked at it. The head was badly mauled. Evidently the coffin had been opened by some unpracticed hand. Where was its former occupant? Instinctively I turned toward the bed. On it was lying the body of a woman. I looked at the face. I think it was the most beautiful I ever saw. The expression was so calm and happy it was

difficult to believe she was not merely sleeping. I had only noticed the face. As my eyes passed from that to the figure a sight met them which drew from me a cry of horror and rage.

Her breast was bared, and through her heart a jeweled-handled dagger was buried to the hilt!

I felt ill and faint. I went to the table and took a long draught of brandy. Then I came back to the bedside. It was not, as I had tried to persuade myself, a horrid dream, a phantasy. There was the dagger, driven with unerring aim and deadly force. I noticed that so skillfully had the blow been given that only two clots of blood had escaped from the wound. The bleeding must have been wholly internal. Again I glanced at the sweet, peaceful face. There was nothing in it to indicate the agony which I had been taught to look for in painful and sudden death.

Where was I? Upon what frightful tragedy had I lighted? Had this murdered woman been a faithless wife, or was she some innocent girl who had been enticed here to meet ruin and death? What should I do? What could I do?

My first impulse was to raise an alarm, but a moment's reflection convinced me of the uselessness and danger of such a proceeding. It was evident that the person or persons who had committed this crime would not hesitate at another to secure safety. I had no idea in what quarter of Paris I was, nor of how to gain egress from the house. Beside, I had heard the door locked behind me.

But why should any one desire to perpetuate that terrible sight? This was a question I could not answer, though I racked my brain for a response. Then I looked again at the body, and the frightful fascination of the subject began to enthrall me. Its grim awfulness appealed to something in my artistic nature and urged me with irresistible force to begin work. I had always had a touch of morbidity in my inspirations, yet I had never conceived such a combination of the beautiful and the horrible. Yes, whatever I might feel it my duty to do on the morrow, I would work my best that night.

An absorbing desire to express not only what I saw but what I felt took possession of me. Never before had I painted so quickly or so well. I obtained with a few touches effects that I had before vainly labored to produce. It almost seemed as if I were controlled by some overwhelming force. The soul and power of a great artist had temporarily passed into me, and my poor hands and eyes were but the means through which another was working.

The hours flew rapidly by, but I labored unintermittently. The figure grew upon the canvas and began to look lifelike in its deathlike fidelity. At last my aching hands and arms compelled me to rest. I looked everywhere for some mark or sign by which I could discover in whose house I was. Not the faintest clue rewarded my search—nothing bearing a name, initial or monogram was to be found. Everything was of the most costly and luxurious description. Money had been lavishly spent in every direction. The coffin was almost a work of art; its chased handles and bars were of silver and gold, but the name-plate had not been attached. I noticed every detail with great minuteness, because I determined that the maker of so unusually splendid a coffin could easily be found, and that through him was the clearest and easiest way of bringing to justice the perpetrators of this foul crime.

Then I went back to my painting, and again the fever of inspired work seized me. I was scarcely sensible of the lapse of time till the clock upon the mantelpiece warned me that it was already five. After considerable trouble I managed to pack my sketch in a way that would cover it without injuring the moist colors. I collected my brushes and tubes, tied the handkerchief over my eyes and rang the bell. Almost immediately I heard the door unlocked, and the sad voice whose tones had become so thoroughly impressed on my memory asked:

"How have you succeeded?"

"Well."

"I am very glad. I will now take you to your studio. Come with me."

He led me through the passage, down the staircase and to the carriage. When I had seated myself he took his place by my side. The horses were urged to a very rapid pace, so fast, indeed, that I wondered the police did not interfere. My companion did not utter a word. When the carriage stopped he helped me to descend, took me as far as the first staircase and said:

"When you reach the next landing you

can uncover your eyes. I shall send for the picture in twelve days. Remember your promises; keep faith with me and you may secure a more powerful friend than you imagine. Good day."

I heard him pass away. The temptation to follow and instantly denounce him was almost irresistible. But sober second-thought came to my aid. I reflected that he had at least one and probably two confederates in the carriage, and that at so early an hour it was unlikely I should find any one to render me efficient assistance. I passed up stairs and took off the handkerchief.

When I was once safe in my own room I was torn by distracting doubts as to what I ought to do. If I held my tongue I should make two thousand francs certain, and possibly more in the future. Could I afford to throw away this wonderful opportunity? Moreover this was the course which had the great recommendation of safety. If I should inform the police I might very possibly be regarded as a madman, or if my story was believed and the murderer or murderers traced I should undoubtedly incur the vengeance of rich and powerful villains. My solemn promise, too, bound me to secrecy. But then I told myself I was not compelled to keep that when the doing so would involve the escape of a murderer. At last exhausted nature, which had been subjected to the most severe tension for twelve hours, claimed her rights. I slept, but my dreams were hideous. The figure of the dead woman rose ever before my fancy. She pointed to the dagger in her breast and seemed to entreat me to speak, although I heard no words and could not distinguish any sound.

It was again nearly dusk when I awoke, troubled and unrefreshed, but with my mind fully made up to tell the police all I knew. I understood the necessity for acting with all possible despatch, but I was hungry and felt that I needed something to give me strength and confidence before I undertook to make my extraordinary revelation. After I had once decided on a plan of action I felt easier. The dread of the ever-haunting presence of the dead woman began to disappear. I went to a restaurant I had been in the habit of frequenting when richer. Some of that villain's thousand francs should help to give me the strength to denounce him. This idea pleased me, for it seemed to savor of retribution. I took up *Le Soir*, turned over the pages carelessly, almost unconsciously, and was just about to lay it down when on the last page my eye caught this heading:

"Funeral of the Beautiful Marguerite de Bienville." The words startled me, for I had heard of the beauty of the lady about whom all male Paris had been raving for some months. I had never had an opportunity of seeing her, though I had much wished to do so. I did not know she had been ill, and to learn suddenly that she was dead and buried shocked me not a little. I read the article with considerable interest. It stated that the Marquise had died four days before of diphtheria after only a short illness. The last part of the article gave a brief description of the lady's appearance. As I read on I became more and more engrossed, for I could not but believe that the murdered woman and the Marquise were one. The recognition of this fact frightened me. I could not help seeing that such a charge made against a man occupying the rank and station of the Marquise de Bienville would need more substantial proof than was to be found in my extraordinary story.

It was with great difficulty that I could manage to eat a part of my dinner. That done I went back to my studio, took my sketch and set off for the office of the Minister of Police. I inquired for him, and after having stated to one or two minor officials that my business was of the utmost secrecy and importance I was informed that he had gone home.

"Could I not communicate my wishes to his representative?"

On my replying negatively I was told that if I particularly desired it I could be taken to the minister's house, or I could see him at his office the next morning. I dreaded a night with that fearful secret still undisclosed, so I chose the former alternative.

I trembled a little when I was ushered into the presence of the famous Minister, but his calm, quiet manner soon reassured me.

"What is it that you have to disclose, Monsieur?" he asked.

"The secret of a murder, Monsieur."

"Well?"

"I wish to confide it to you alone," I

said as I glanced at the gentleman who had accompanied me from the office.

"That is impossible. M. Bonteaux is in possession of all the secrets of my department. Even if I were to hear you alone now, I should be compelled to confide in others before I could act upon your story. Why do you hesitate?"

"Because, Monsieur, my accusation will appear almost incredible. I charge the Marquis de Bienville with being the murderer of his wife."

The Minister, who prided himself on his imperturbability, could not resist showing his surprise. He glanced at M. Bonteaux with an air of pity and contempt. I am sure he thought that I was mad.

"Madame la Marquise died of diphtheria. My wife knew her well and was greatly grieved at her illness and death. On what grounds do you base such a charge?"

I told my story as briefly as I could. Both my hearers listened attentively, but, I felt, incredulously. When I had finished, the Minister asked:

"What proof have you of the truth of this extraordinary tale?"

"None," I answered, except the sketch I made. I had never seen the Marquise in life, if it be indeed her likeness, no other proof of my truth is needed."

"I knew her well," said the Minister. "Show me the sketch."

I unpacked it and placed it before him. He started as if he had been violently struck.

"It is indeed the Marquise," he murmured. Then turning to me he said, "Describe the man who came to your studio."

"I could not see him well. I think he had a moustache; he was tall and thin, and spoke in a low, sad voice."

"That would be a rough description of the Marquis, eh, M. Bonteaux?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I have heard that the Marquis was overwhelmed with grief, and that some of his friends feared for his reason."

"A needless fear," said I; "his grief is only remorse or perhaps dread of discovery."

The instincts of the détective, who distrusts everybody and everything, were beginning to be aroused in me.

"M. Godin, Justice is indebted to you. All that can be done to-night shall be done. In the morning I shall again claim your aid. Go to your rooms at once, and do not leave them or speak to any one till I send for you; and lest you should be in any personal danger, I will have the entrance to your apartment watched."

I thanked him for his courtesy, though I could not help knowing that he was actuated quite as much by a desire not to have me escape as by his wish to protect me."

M. Bonteaux called for me in the morning. He told me I should have to accompany him to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, as the Minister had decided to have the coffin of the Marquis taken from the family vault and opened. It had been brought into a room of the mortuary chapel, when we arrived. The Minister and two or three assistants were examining the body. The wound had been found exactly as I described.

I was cordially received by the Minister and told that the Marquis had been sent for under the pretext that there had been some informality about the register of the



A HOME IN ALGIERS.

interment. Orders had also been given to bring the doctor who had signed the certificate of death, and also one of the surgeons attached to the department of justice.

I felt elated at my success and importance, and had no longer any qualms about my broken promises. All Paris, I was sure, would soon be ringing with praises of my shrewdness and courage.

Presently a gentleman entered, whispered to the Minister and handed him something wrapped in paper. It proved to be the dagger I had described.

"Let the Marquis be brought in," said the Minister.

All eyes were on the door. The Marquis entered looking pale and thoughtful. When he saw me his look changed to one that I tried hard to think showed fear, but still it seemed to me only like contempt.

"Ah, M. Godin! I thought you were a gentleman. I see I made a mistake. You have betrayed me."

"It is not betrayal to give a criminal to justice."

He looked at me and smiled ever so faintly, yet still perceptibly.

"M. le Marquis," said the Minister, "I regret to be compelled to inform you that you are charged with having murdered your wife."

"Who makes this charge?"

"M. Godin, who states that he saw her lying with a dagger buried in her heart."

"That is true."

"He confesses! Officers, arrest that man!"

"One moment, M. le Ministre. When that dagger was driven into my wife's heart it had ceased to beat for more than two days."

"Explain yourself, monsieur."

"My words can easily be verified by any surgeon. Madame la Marquise had a morbid dread of being buried alive. She made me swear to her that if she died before me I would not allow her to be buried until her heart had been punctured. I could not bear to tell this to any one else or to allow any other hand than mine to strike the blow. After I had done so the strangeness of the sight began to overpower me. Sometimes I think my great grief has made me half mad. I felt that I must have a record that I had been faithful to her last wish. In this state I sought out M. Godin. He has doubtless told you all else that you wish to know. The reason I desired to keep the matter secret can be easily understood."

The two doctors had arrived in time to hear the Marquis' explanation. They needed only to glance at the body to confirm his words.

"Oh, how poor and mean and miserable I feel! I crossed over to where the Marquis stood, and I knelt at his feet."

"Monsieur," I cried, "take back your money and the sketch and try to forgive me."

"Rise, monsieur; I have forgiven you."

I asked and expected more trust than I had had a right to believe a stranger could have given to a stranger. Keep the money; finish the picture, and I hope it will not be the last you shall paint for me."

JULIAN MAGNUS.

ALGIERS.

THE ruling race in North Africa is one of long and noble descent. They trace back to that singular people who, when all the rest of the world was in the darkness of barbarism, had already built the stupendous monuments of Egypt and invented a means of writing.

The Moor in Shakespeare is a type of this bold, warlike, restless race. Like him, the Algerian of to-day (we mean a member of the old blood of that land) is violent in his passions, quick to strife, daring in love, reckless in war. Abdel Kader is a striking modern instance. His bravery was foolhardiness, his energy a consuming fire.

Our engraving shows a well-marked type of this race. He is pictured, not in the desert or on the battle-field, but in one of those shady and cool homes of Tunis, surrounded with the evidences of that luxury which we are wont to associate with the adjective Oriental.

In front of him is a negro girl, one of those wild, quaint, untamed creatures from the Sudan, the slave of his wife. The latter stands to his right, tall, graceful, queenly, well rounded in flesh as is the ideal of that region.

So much is robustness prized, that each well-born damsel, before marriage, undergoes a system of cramming and stuffing altogether like that of the Strasburg goose.

The accessories of the scene suggest the hot climate; the love of odd ornament which is dear to the African heart; even the negro girl, with her wonderful banded hair is not apart from it.

This is an Algerian home. The people of Africa may differ from us, but the affections linked in their minds and deep in their hearts with the charmed name of home are doubtless as strong and as real as with us. To them, as to us, home can never be other than home.

Lying between the shifting sands of the Sahara and the waters of the Mediterranean, Algeria is famous in history as the theatre of great events, though its relation to the world's life seems to be more a story of continued repression of the dangers that appear to have their birthplace on its arid sands rather than of influences which have emanated from its people. They have always been freebooters and buccaneers, whether under Hannibal or the Bey. Civilization seems to make no permanent lodgement among them. For fifty years there has been a state of latent war with France. Now, a shiek of the interior is waging a holy war, recognizing only the Sultan as his liege, and unfurling the green flag of the Prophet against both the infidels and the Bey supported by their power.

This together with the situation in Egypt and the somewhat imperative tone of the Sultan's note to the Governments of France and England would seem to indicate that the time may yet come when the peace of Christendom may again be threatened by the followers of the Prophet. Should such be the case it is hard to tell how important a part the hardy warriors of Algiers may not play.

"THE READING OF THE TALE."

We read together on a winter's night
The oldest, quaintest, loveliest of romances.
She leaned upon my chair; by slow advances
My arm around her stole; the panes were white
With silver frost; the hearth fire flickered
bright;
My heart was filled with ardent, wistful fancies,
And in her face I read by stolen glances
A gentle sadness mingled with delight.
Her moistened eyes looked up; the tale had
brought
Upon us both love's tenderest, sweetest spell.
She must have guessed my fond and longing
thought,
For her dear head upon my shoulder fell;
And in that blissful silence there was naught
Beside the exquisite truth we knew so well.
DAVID S. FOSTER.

NOON HILL PLACE.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

(CONTINUED.)

SHE had been thinking that she would play with this man; would play with him enough at least to make his vanity suffer somewhat; possibly she might wound him still more deeply. If she could gain one word of love would she not then taunt him bitterly? Not a very ennobling occupation or ambition, you will say. But Portia Nunnally was not made of noblest stuff.

Branch, when he went to his room, sat down by his open window and smoked a cigar rapidly. He felt an unwonted excitement. The girl's smiles had been fully as successful with him as she could have imagined.

"It really is time for me to take a wife and have an establishment," he was thinking. "I shall not make such a mistake as I did the first time. This is the woman for me. I anticipate some enjoyment in winning her. There's a spice in taking her away from that prig of a Bruce. She will struggle some, although she loves to flirt as well as any girl I ever saw, and knows how to do it. She was angry that I kissed her hand. Bah! What do I care for that? She is dainty; she knows how to carry herself. She would not make a mistake, and by Jove! I believe I can feel quite a *penchant* for her. I thought I never should care much again. But what a way she has of looking up at one! not a bit like other women. There's something defiant in her, too. I don't see but what I may be amused for a time, and I know I could not do better in selecting a mistress for the house I mean to have."

He flung away the end of his cigar and went to bed.

He was up by sunrise of the next morning and had gone to Boston, from whence at noon he went out to Arnold and was soon established at the hotel there, had satisfactorily housed his horses and had them cared for.

By four in the afternoon he cantered up to Noon Hill Place, followed by a groom leading a horse bearing a lady's saddle.

"Is he not a beauty?" he asked, pointing to the horse as Portia came out into the yard.

"You are to mount him, you know. I think you'll find his gaits perfect. We have time for a long canter before dinner."

Portia had no thought of refusing. The sight of the magnificent animal was temptation enough. In the swift gallop that followed she could forget everything but the physical exhilaration of the time.

When they returned, Branch dismounted only for a few moments. He found his companion gracious and charming as on the night before. He was eager for anything that should give excitement to his jaded mind, and he was more and more surprised that he still had the power of being so interested.

He rode back to Arnold congratulating himself that he could still enjoy; he was not so *blasé* as he had feared. He had sometimes told himself that he was exhausting life too quickly, but here was a woman whose look and tone carried him back to those years when the world was untried by him, when it seemed to hold enjoyment inexhaustible.

These rides were but the beginning of days spent almost exclusively with Portia Nunnally.

Mrs. Branch once roused herself to ask her niece if she had any idea of the character of the man who was her almost constant companion.

"To speak plainly," she said; "I call him a scamp. I would not wish my most bitter enemy a worse fate than to be his wife."

"I shall never be his wife," said Portia, with cold emphasis.

"Do not be too sure. That may depend on what he wills. He has a kind of infernal power to make people do as he wishes. I don't know what to name it. He evidently has a passion for you. How strangely his eyes contract when he looks at you."

Portia did not make any response to these remarks. Her aunt did not see that her face looked worn and more pale than usual; that the dark color beneath her eyes showed that she slept little.

"Where is Dr. Bruce?" was the somewhat abrupt question.

"In Labrador."

"Does he write to you?"

"Yes."

In truth, although Bruce did write, and write often, Portia had not opened one of those epistles. They were lying sealed in her desk now. She had lacked the courage to read them. The life she had been living since his departure had been such, that to read his words would have been to her like looking in his eyes, and feeling that her own gaze could not be clear to meet his. The thought was tormenting her, but she would not give up her project.

When she was away from Randolph Branch she could tell herself calmly that she had succeeded to the utmost in her desire to win him; and she could take pleasure in thinking of the words she should use to him when he spoke of love to her. When she was with him that indefinable influence which he exerted confused her sense of this and made her afraid—she hardly knew of what.

July with its fervid days had come now. Only once since Miss Maverick had left her had Portia been over to the Archer farm to see her, and then she had only remained a few moments. The same feeling which prevented her from reading Bruce's letters kept her away from her friend, and Rosamond had almost decided that Portia had only "taken her up" to gratify some passing whim. Portia felt a very uncomfortable sensation of unworthiness when with her, and she was not one who would be uncomfortable if she could help it. So she stayed away.

Branch, although nominally established in Arnold, passed all his days at Noon Hill Place. He was fertile in expedients to make the time pass pleasantly, and every day as it sped but found him more and more infatuated with this girl who, while consulting him, deferring to him, enchanting him, was yet sometimes so defiant of him, so apparently reckless of what he thought.

The day had been unusually sultry. There had been mutterings of thunder in the early morning, but all the time since the sky had been unclouded, the sun scorching.

"But we sh'll ketch it 'fore midnight," Epaminondas had said confidently to his mistress as he pushed the lawn-mower over the grass in the yard. "'Thunder'n the mornin', sailors take warnin'.' I never know'd it to fail. You'd better not go ridin' off to-day, now I tell ye."

Branch, who was lounging on the piazza, scowled at the man, and wished very much to tell him to hold his tongue. He considered that Northern servants were not only familiar but impudent, and he was resolved to hold Portia to her engagement to drive with him after dinner, when it would be a little cooler.

"A good many folks is struck this year," went on Nondas, directing his remarks to Portia, who was swinging in the hammock. "There's Matilda Bates had her hair singed off in that tempest last week; 'n' only the week 'fore that Jake Whitin' had his westcott jes' torn to flinders. Ye never know what the thunder's goin' to do. Seems to 'tack light-completed folks 'most altogether this year."

"Portia," said Branch, "you hear that. May I order some lightning-rods to be attached to you? If you are not 'light-completed,' who is?"

Portia did not reply. She was looking absently at Nondas as he worked, and that person entirely ignored Branch's presence.

Notwithstanding the predictions of Nondas, the sun went down in a hot, brassy and cloudless sky, and as he went behind the hills Branch assisted Portia into his dog-cart, and the two sped away so rapidly that the still air struck refreshingly against their faces.

"I swoon to gracious!" said Nondas, as he stood and watched them ride off. "Ef they won't wish they hadn't gone I miss my guess. That there sky don't look like that for nothin'. I wish I had a good-sized bull-dog with filed teeth to let on to that feller's legs. I wouldn't call him off for quite a spell."

With which amiable wish Nondas finished his chores and then departed homeward.

There had been not a breath of air when the two had gone away, but in half an hour's time a low, moaning wind from the west came across the tree-tops and gently blew the dust of the road. It was not a refreshing wind, however; there was nothing cheerful in it. A few moments later, and in the sky, where the flush of day was not yet quite gone, there appeared purple black masses of cloud piled up in "thunder heads." Across this cloud pile there darted crooked streaks of lightning, but no sound of thunder had come yet.

It was strange that the wind should not be cooler; it was a kind of breeze that made one gasp and turn away from it.

Portia, ever sensitive to atmospheric influences, shuddered with a kind of fear as this wind blew over her. The evening was in some way horrible to her. She felt in the power of some malignant fate, and struggle as she would she could not escape. There was a weight on her heart and on her breath. The latter came heavily and with a distinct effort.

She was full of fancies. She began to imagine that the man by whom she sat exercised the same influence over her as did the coming storm; that he was in some way in league with it—had summoned it to overpower her. She knew better, but the idea would stay with her. They were riding along a road that ran through an open plain where were but few trees. About a quarter of a mile ahead there was a place called the "Pine Tree Tavern," from an old pine which stood at the fork of the road in front. There was no longer a public house there, but the battered old building still remained on the spot, though its porch had fallen in and the windows had been long since destroyed. It was an uncaney looking spot in the daylight. There was no dwelling near it. Two years ago a lightning bolt had split the tall pine right down the middle of the trunk for more than two-thirds its length, but the tree had been allowed to stand, and it was still alive, but looked like some maimed giant.

"Is not this air very strange?" asked Portia, leaning far out at her side of the carriage. She had a wild desire to jump out and run away to meet the storm. Anything but to remain there near Randolph Branch. She felt something akin to the tempest spring up within her.

Branch was not in the least affected by the atmosphere, but he was moved by the eerie look in the face of his companion. She was a wild thing which he must chain and tame before it was too late.

"The air is strange because it is full of electricity," he said calmly, putting his hand over hers and bending nearer her as she shrank away from him. She flung off his touch; she knew that his eyes were on her, but she would not meet his glance. She was trying to rid herself of the idea that he was connected with the coming storm. They were facing the west now, and the lightning played incessantly upon their faces. The clouds did not rise rapidly, but now low sounds of thunder could be heard.

"I wish you to stop the horse," suddenly said Portia, just before they reached the pine tree.

Branch obeyed her, wondering what she meant. In fact the girl hardly knew what it was she wished to do. The excitement which had been upon her for the last two or three weeks seemed culminating under the influence of the electric night. There was one dominant thought in her mind—to get away from this man. He was the evil genius with which she had to contend. Once alone she believed her erratic thoughts would become calm again.

The horse had barely stood still before Portia was out of the carriage and running rapidly along the road. Branch uttered an oath, flung the lines from him and leaped to the ground. He strode after the slight form he could barely see in the dusk.

"How dared she behave in this way?" was his thought, and the very daring was an added attraction to him.

He had gone straight toward the deserted tavern, but before she reached it he had overtaken her and said with passionate emphasis:

"You need not think to escape me. I love you too well to let you go far from me."

She turned upon him with blazing eyes, but before she could speak he caught both her hands and said intensely:

"Do not pretend you do not know I love you; do not pretend that you do not love me. You shall be my wife; that is your destiny."

She stood quiet, feeling horribly helpless beneath his eyes which held her now beneath their spell. She loathed herself that she had ever treated this man even as a friend. She felt unclean in that she had tried to attract him. She had succeeded in that endeavor, but at what a price in self-respect!

The moon that had risen in the east now showed his face still more plainly to her. She pulled her hands away from him with an exclamation of rebellion. Her countenance was luminous with a light so unnatural that Branch was somewhat startled by it; but he had no idea of giving up his purpose.

"Don't you think," he said mockingly, "that you have made love to me about as much as I have to you?"

Her humiliation was complete now, she felt. She would have turned and fled from him, only that she knew he would immediately overtake her.

Now a prolonged, reverberating roll of thunder sounded from the clouds which within the last five minutes had risen rapidly and were spreading themselves over the heavens.

"You are to be my wife," said Branch imperatively. "Your fate will not be a bad one. Money is what you women always want. And I have every reason to believe you love me."

Portia fought against the mysterious power that was carrying her on toward this man. She felt like a swimmer who, despite his exertions, is overborne by the strength of the waves. She turned upon him swiftly.

"Love you!" she repeated almost shrilly. "I detest you! It is true that you may think I have 'made love to you.'" She suddenly stopped and asked gently: "Do you indeed love me?"

Charmed by this change Branch said eagerly:

"I love you, Portia. I did not think my battered heart could be interested in anything again. I haven't lived the best kind of a life. I really thought everything must be tame and flat to me henceforth until I saw you. You have put a little champagne into my life again. Come! with you I shall find the days endurable."

Portia had put such force upon herself that she listened in silence. She continued that force and battled against the power of his presence.

"I intended you should ask me to marry you," she said.

"It was evident," he responded.

She quivered with anger as she heard him, but she went on:

"Do you know what prompted the intention? For I could as soon love!"—she paused, and then, knowing upon how frail a thread hung her self-possession, she did not go on with that sentence, but began again.

"I wanted to say no to you after having made you ask me. I wished to give one little wound to your vanity—you have no love—and then to tell you why I did it."

"Why, then?"

Branch had as yet no remotest idea but that Portia would eventually consent. Did he guess what a persistent fight she kept up to keep from submitting her will to his?

"I see now how foolish, how degrading is the thing I have done," she said, "but I know Rosamond Maverick, and I felt that any humiliation to you would be a thing to strive for."

Branch's face turned ashen as he heard those words, but his eyes, with the mysterious glow in them, did not leave the girl's face.

"You know her," he said; then before she could answer he went on: "But we need not speak of her. Give me your promise to be my wife. Is your nature so noble and grand that money cannot assuage all its longings?"

There was to the mind of the girl who heard an infernal mockery in those last words. She longed to be able to move away, but she was held by invisible bonds; her limbs were heavy; there was a dreadful glare in her brain.

He bent still nearer her; the dull glow of his eyes burnt its way into her soul.

"Promise me," he said in a voice only above a whisper.

She thought all feeling was departed from her for the moment. She did not care what she did say. She only knew that a will more powerful than hers was holding her and bending her. Every particle of her shrank away, but she believed she should say yes, notwithstanding her repugnance.

The two were standing in the grassy yard of the old tavern. Above them the black clouds had reached the zenith but no rain had yet fallen. The wind, which had risen

a short time before, had now entirely fallen. The eastern half of the sky was beautifully blue, and the moon was slowly mounting toward the clouds.

Shuddering at herself, at her fate, hating the man who stood before her, Portia was powerless. She wished for death, for anything that should take this will from her.

Her lips moved; they almost framed the word for which he waited. He stooped still lower. He had wished to touch those lips with his, and he intended to have his kiss now.

At that instant the clouds swept up as if pushed by a Titan. The wind tore along the country with the suddenness of a tornado. There was a crash of thunder, a drenching dash of rain. In the flash of the lightning one might have seen Branch's spirited horse rushing down the road.

Portia Nunnally felt as if God Himself had come to her aid.

She flung away from the man so close to her and ran, the wind driving her, the rain beating against her, but she cared nothing for either. She knew only that she was free. In another instant of time she would have yielded; she would have felt his lips, and she knew she should have been helpless. That last thought gave an added fleetness to her feet. She had escaped, but she must not pause or he might overtake her. She did not know nor care where she went. It was almost inky dark now. The clouds covered the whole sky, and the heavy sheets of rain were enough to blind one even in the daytime.

The vividness of the lightning pierced the blackness every moment, but only to leave it blacker than ever. Portia was like a spirit let loose. In such a state of exaltation had her escape put her that she felt like shouting some chant of thanks to the elements which had been her salvation. She knew not whether she was followed, but she was sure that no one could overtake her.

Her clothes were drenched in a moment; her hat was gone. Impeded as she was by clinging skirts, she still went on with incredible speed. She had at first been on the main road where she had been driving with Branch, but unknown to herself she had turned into a cart-path which led through a large timber lot where the wood had been cut the previous winter.

This path traversed the acres that lay in the rear of her own estate. But she might have been a thousand miles from her home for all she would have known to the contrary.

The days and nights in which her nerves had been tensely strung, when an unhappiness to which she would not own had been her constant companion, these hours were now revenging themselves upon an organization too finely made to be played upon carelessly.

With her slight figure, her wet, fine hair, her white face, her eyes glowing palely green like some supernatural, fiery emerald, what would one have said she was had she suddenly been revealed by a lightning flash as she ran over the rough road?

Branch for the first breath after she had fled from him had stood motionless, disappointed, angry and hardly able to believe she had gone. Then the lightning revealing her flying form to him he had ran on after her, both alarmed and indignant.

He had seen that she had gone on the main road, and so he followed, the lightning every moment showing that he was still in the highway. But he could no longer see Portia. The blaze of electricity lighted up only an empty road.

He had gone on thus not ten minutes when out of the blackness of a side road there galloped a horse directly in front of him. The crash of thunder and glare of light were now almost incessant. It was one of those storms which sometimes comes to New England in a hot summer, as if to warn her that she must suffer some of the terrors of the tropics.

The rider of that horse sprung to the ground in front of Branch, who saw that the man was Bruce, and that he was in a mood which made him dangerous. Branch was no coward, however, and the sight of this man irritated him deeply.

Bruce barred his way and asked:

"Where is Miss Nunnally?" in a voice that was utterly regardless of the dignity of the man he addressed.

"I really don't think I shall tell you," he answered, and his tone was far more insulting than his words.

Bruce was as far as possible from being calm. He despised this man with all his heart. He was in no frame of mind to weigh his actions. The pale face and scintillating, licentious eyes infuriated him. His hand shot out straight and heavy, and

doubled hard. Branch fell down with a splash into a puddle of water.

Bruce half hesitated as he turned toward his horse. He knew that the blow he had given could only have stunned, and he had no time to waste. He hastily pulled Branch out from the road. He put his hand over his heart for an instant, and then he mounted again. As he did so a dark shape rushed up, smelled at the prostrate figure and then went on out of sight.

It was Max, whom Bruce had unchained and told to follow him when, a few moments before the storm broke, he had arrived at Noon Hill Place and been told that his mistress had ridden off with Mr. Branch.

Mrs. Branch had come down into the parlor to see him.

"I hope you won't set your heart on Portia," she had said, anxiously looking at the man's set face. "I think she likes novelty—new faces. I don't quite know what to make of her. I certainly would rather she would die than to marry Randolph. I know what he is."

"I wish to see her again," Bruce had said coldly.

Mrs. Branch had heard Portia say in what direction they were to drive, and so he had lost no time in following them.

CHAPTER X.

HAD not the storm been so near and so certain Bruce might have waited quietly at the house, but something impelled him to go on. His horse, which he had procured at Fromton, was comparatively fresh, having come only the four miles.

Not until he had thus seen Branch was Bruce aware that Portia was not in that gentleman's care during this storm. Of course he could know nothing and guess at nothing of what had happened. He only knew that Portia was somewhere unprotected in the tempest.

He rode away in the direction which Max had taken. The dog seemed directly to know that something was wrong with his mistress, and he wished to find her. He had never approved of Branch, and never lost an opportunity to testify his disapproval. I do not think he mourned in his dog nature very much as he saw him lying flat in the road.

Every moment or two Bruce called to him and his call was answered by a bark. Already the violence of the tempest had begun to subside. The flashes were less frequent, the thunder was rolling away, the clouds showed deep rents, and between the edges the blue of the sky with stars set in it could be seen.

Bruce was now following the cart path along which Portia had fled; and, satisfied that he was in the right road he went on rapidly, the light growing more and more powerful until the moon had broken through the clouds and was riding in a clear space.

His horse's long strides could quickly overtake Portia's steps. Very soon Bruce heard the joyful barking of Max, and knew that the dog had found his mistress. Coming round a curve in the path he now saw, going on rapidly, the slight form of the woman he sought, with Max jumping about her. It appeared strange that she took no notice of the dog. Her only object seemed to be to get on quickly.

When Bruce reached her side and dismounted she paused and looked at him in such a way that despair came into the man's heart. She evidently did not know him. But this failure to recognize him might be only momentary, and owing to the strain of the last two hours. Every emotion of indignation left him. To the tenderness and anxiety of love was added the solicitude of the physician. He knew that any violence of speech or manner might startle away the reason that seemed ready to fade away from her face.

It were impossible to tell the constraint that Bruce was obliged to put upon himself to seem thus calm. He must overcome the wish to take her in his arms; to speak the words that came rushing to be spoken.

"I will carry you home," he said after a little time. "I will mount my horse. You shall take my hand and spring up in front of me. It shall not take us many minutes to go, for we will follow this wood road and thus get on to your farm." He turned to do as he had said, keeping her close to him, however.

"Doctor Bruce," she said in a whisper. She took hold of his arm tightly with both her hands. "You are Doctor Bruce?"

"Yes."

She pressed yet closer to him.

"I am always so safe with you. You are the one whom I love."

He held her tightly, but he kept his voice steady as he responded:

"And I am going to take care of you. You are tired; you are feverish. When I get you home, I shall give you something to make you sleep off this fatigue. Come."

Now he mounted, and he assisted her up where he could hold her with his right arm. He knew she was so daring and skillful a rider that she would not be alarmed at whatever speed he went.

It was not long before the two were riding down the lane behind the house.

Mrs. Lunsford came quickly to the door and went before Bruce, who brought Portia into the house and up the stairs in his arms.

"Where's Mr. Branch?" asked the woman in her surprise.

"I do not know."

"But Porshy went out with him," she said. Bruce was silent, but the girl had heard the question. She sat up quickly on the couch in her own room where she had been placed.

"It was Mr. Branch," she began hurriedly—"It was he who—oh!"

She pressed her hands together; then with a look of fright and horror on her face she attempted to run out of the room. But Bruce's arms restrained her, and after a few words uttered in his melodious, assuring voice, she sank back quietly again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ART OF ADORNMENT.

GRADUATING DRESSES.

SWEET girl graduates, like brides, almost invariably wear white, and the material of the dresses and the manner of making them differ almost as much in the one case as the other.

It is useless to sermonize on the subject; the girl as a rule graduates but once in a lifetime; as part of the graduating class she is on exhibition, and were she willing to appear in everyday dress on such an occasion she would be either more or less than a woman. Besides, not even the consciousness of duty done and first honors taken is adequate to give that serene sense of self-satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of being well-dressed; therefore it is useless to expect that the millionaire's daughter will forswear silk because her impudent classmate can with difficulty afford Swiss muslin. But if the muslin be well-fitting and tastefully made it may be just as becoming as the silk or satin, since sweet simplicity within reasonable bounds is always becoming to young girls.

So many models are offered this season that it is difficult to choose, and one is ready to approve the course pursued by those principals who prescribe a uniform to be worn by the graduating class, and thus settle the vexed question once for all.

An elegant robe prepared by a fashionable modiste for a wealthy young lady is of white gros grain silk, ivory tinted. The short skirt is covered to the knee with ruffles of fine moresque lace. Above this is a Watteau overskirt *en panier*, edged with white silk embroidery and lace. The basque has deep points front and back and is edged with a narrow band of embroidery. Roman pearl buttons fasten it, and a dainty fichu, all embroidery and lace, is crossed over the bosom. White tea rosebuds are to be worn with this costume, and the stockings are of white silk with white satin slippers with full rosettes of lace and pearl buckles.

Another beautiful graduating dress is of white surah silk with shirred bodice and skirt trimmed with shirred puffs and white silk embroidery. Edelweiss lace is at the neck and sleeves, and the belt is of watered ribbon with huge bow of moiré ribbon twelve inches wide with long ends at the back.

A pretty esthetic dress may be made of white mull, nun's veiling or surah, as may be preferred. This should have a straight gathered or else plaited short skirt with a gathered belted waist, puffed sleeves and a Sir Joshua Reynolds fichu trimmed all around with lace and crossed over the bosom, passing under the arms and fastening at the back under a large bow.

A graceful manner in which to make a nun's veiling is with short round skirt with plaiting or puffings trimming the foot for twelve inches from the hem. The tunic is formed of five straight breadths, each two and a half yards long, sewed together, hemmed on the lower edge and shirred in a wide band at the belt. On the left side this tunic is draped in small plaits, catch-

ing it quite high up; on the right it falls low and is drawn back in soft irregular folds and draped at the back in loose, full puffs, one above the other. The waist is a closely-fitting cuirass or jersey basque with elbow sleeves finished with full frill of lace, and with deep round collar of lace to match. A Joan of Arc girdle of satin ribbon four inches wide passes around the basque and is tied low on the left side in a bow and ends.

Very many graduating dresses are made of sheer mainook with trimmings of open-work in lace-like embroideries. These may cost anywhere from fifteen dollars up to a hundred and fifty, according to the quality and quantity of the trimmings. A most satisfactory dress is of white mull with flounces of polka dotted mull scalloped on the edges. This has either a round belted bodice with sash and ribbon belt, or a basque trimmed with polka dotted flounces matching those on the skirt. Such a dress may be purchased ready made at from twenty to twenty-five dollars, or if made at home will cost perhaps five dollars less.

Swiss tamboured muslins and embroidered muslins make very effective toilets, either in combination with plain muslin or all of the figured material. Colored ribbons and flowers are often employed to brighten up white dresses, and indeed are more in favor than white ribbons. A sash or belt and bow, knots at throat and on sleeves, and a bunch of ribbon looping the draperies here and there, appear on many ready-made suits; pink, blue, cardinal, violet and old gold being the favorite shades. The new ribbons with flowers woven on them in raised tufts of raw silk are very effective for this purpose.

Black shoes and black silk stockings are as stylish as white, even with a white dress, and it is the acme of elegance to have hand embroidery on the black silk stockings, matching the flowers worn with the toilet. The regent shoe with straps and buckles across the instep is the prettiest black shoe, and when this or a slipper is worn the instep of the stocking should be covered with embroidery in colored silks. Long undressed kid gloves or white lace mitts should be worn, the latter being preferable with an esthetic dress.

The hair should be dressed simply in a braided coil, low on the head, with the front waved, frizzed or plain, as is most becoming, and a bunch of flowers pinned in on the side of the coil.

DRESS NOTES.

NECK chains are worn only for full dress. Chatelaine watches are the correct style for ladies.

Shoulder capes are a feature on many new spring suits.

Tailor-made jersey jackets are the favorite spring wrap for young ladies.

The old-fashioned watch fobs of our grandfathers are again in fashion.

Beaded collars in solid jet embroidery on black Brussels net are very stylish.

New York ladies are wearing little caps of lace and flowers to theatre and opera.

Small jeweled lace pins, matching the earings, are used for fastening bonnet strings.

Mousquetaire gloves are the favorite style, and appear in Lisle thread for warm weather.

Dainty little smelling bottles in the shape of jeweled Greek amphorae are worn on chatelaines.

Jumbo is the latest craze in decoration, and Jumbo charms and ornaments are shown by the hundred.

Floral jewelry in tinted silver, with diamond dewdrops sparkling on leaves and flowers, grows in favor constantly.

Handsome parasols for mourning are of lustrous black silk covered with English crape, with polished ebony handles.

Very handsome evening dresses are of white or cream-colored Spanish net, made up over satin, and trimmed with quantities of Spanish lace.

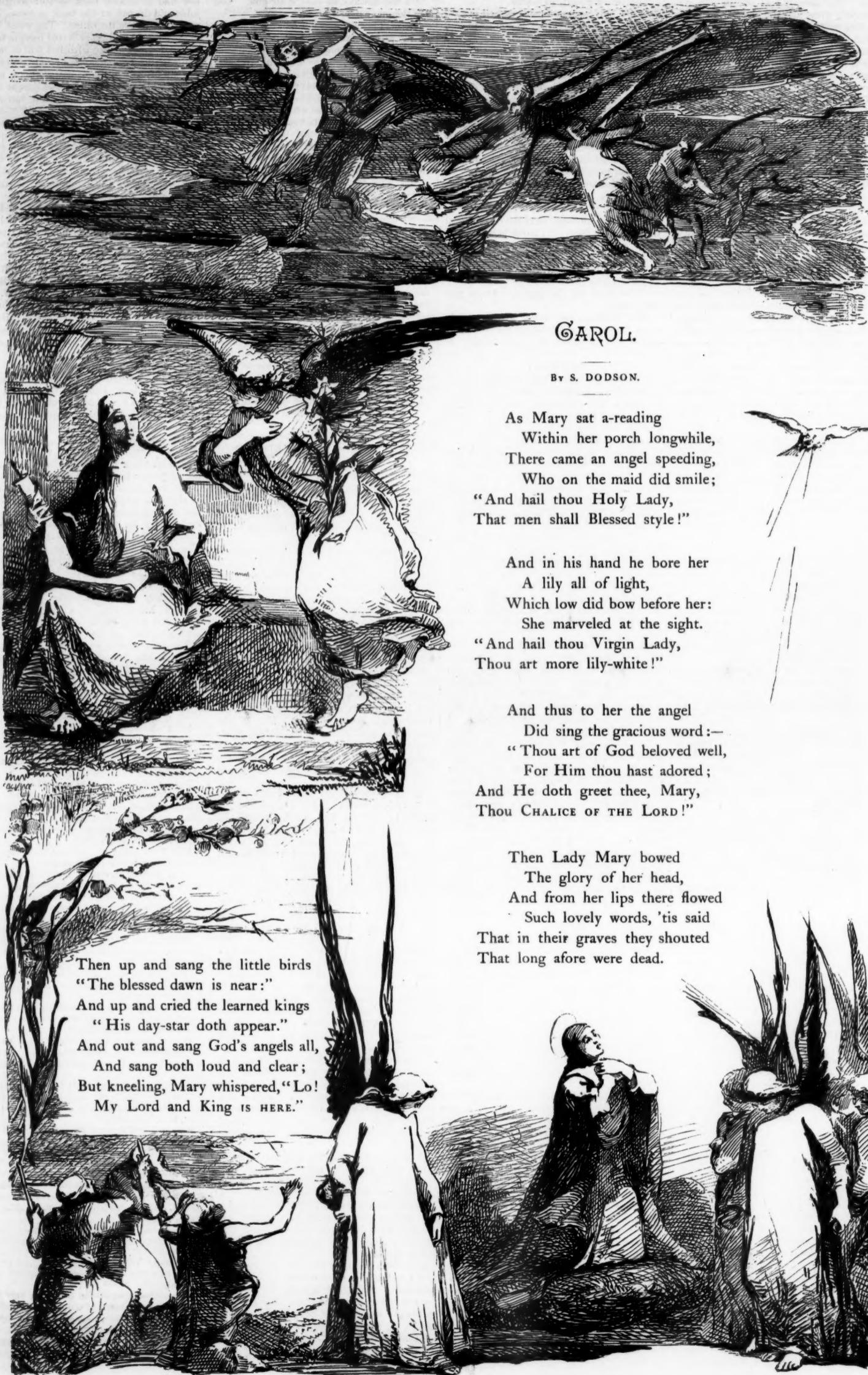
One of Virot's latest fancies is a gypsy hat of yellow straw faced with Russian green velvet and trimmed outside with a wreath of green hazel-nuts and leaves.

Mullein leaves figure as the garland on a stylized hat from Le Chevallier; but then the plebeian mullein finds honor abroad, where it is cultivated as "the American velvet plant."

Pompadour silks figure among new fabrics for evening wear. These are chiefly in detached flowers in natural colors scattered over a light ground, and are combined with plain silks in shades to match.

A great deal of flicelle is used on straw hats. Some wide-brimmed shade hats have the brims entirely covered with this lace, held by numbers of small gilt-headed pins. A garland of flowers or a long ostrich feather completes the trimming.

A comfortable band for tying the hair for braiding may be made of silk elastic threaded through a shoe button, and sewed into a loop of six inches or so. The button must be fastened at one end, and when the band is wrapped around the hair the opposite end of the loop buttons over it.



CAROL.

BY S. DODSON.

As Mary sat a-reading
 Within her porch longwhile,
 There came an angel speeding,
 Who on the maid did smile;
 "And hail thou Holy Lady,
 That men shall Blessed style!"

And in his hand he bore her
 A lily all of light,
 Which low did bow before her:
 She marveled at the sight.
 "And hail thou Virgin Lady,
 Thou art more lily-white!"

And thus to her the angel
 Did sing the gracious word:—
 "Thou art of God beloved well,
 For Him thou hast adored;
 And He doth greet thee, Mary,
 Thou CHALICE OF THE LORD!"

Then Lady Mary bowed
 The glory of her head,
 And from her lips there flowed
 Such lovely words, 'tis said
 That in their graves they shouted
 That long afore were dead.

Then up and sang the little birds
 "The blessed dawn is near:"
 And up and cried the learned kings
 "His day-star doth appear."
 And out and sang God's angels all,
 And sang both loud and clear;
 But kneeling, Mary whispered, "Lo!
 My Lord and King is HERE."

SEA FLOWERS.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

WE are all more or less familiar with the wonderful mechanism of the flowers that bloom in endless variety in our gardens, adorning our meadows, and brightening the very forests with their gorgeous coloring.

But how few of us know that the broad ocean has its radiate flowers in even greater profusion—asters, pinks, lilies, daisies, in fact, an unending host of variegated blossoms in every diversity of form, far more wonderful than any upon land, for these are endowed with animal life, unfolding a garden landscape of greater luxuriance of vegetation than that of any tropical climate!

The greater part of the world beneath the sea is but indifferently known. As soon as we descend a little below the surface interesting specimens of elegant forms conceal themselves in the simplest organisms. Tribes of living creatures rejoice, unceasingly, in marvelous displays of light and shade, and in the most fairy-like illuminations, changing and reversing at every instant.

There are regions to which the light of day rarely penetrates that are inhabited by thousands of living beings! How do they see? One might think that they borrowed their light from some particular star, or that their own peculiar nature substituted for sight a sense more delicate still. But this is not the case. These little animals see clearly, and one of their functions is to find light for themselves. In other words they are phosphorescent.

At certain moments this dense darkness is lighted up by radiant points running into starry feathers, or fringes of light; and there are so many that they appear at a distance like bouquets of fire formed of glittering stars, or like festoons of colored lamps. Mingling and grouping, ascending

If anemones were all of one color and form, however exquisite that form or color might be, their repetition would be tiresome, but no such sameness seems to mark these delicate sea flowers. Each one varies in itself, assuming now one shape then another, displaying one tint, then setting forth another in a different part of the body. There is a great range of variation, from pale green to dark purple in their beautiful coloring. Clustered in large colonies, they enrich the sea rocks and sand with starry buds and blossoms bright and beautiful as any upon the earth.

The more we know of these gems the more we shall admire their structure and transcendent loveliness. One of the most magnificent of the anemones is the "Plumose." It may be recognized at once by its bold cylindrical stem, firm and sturdy as the oak, standing out bravely from the object to which it is affixed, and crowned with its lovely tufts and tentacles fringed and cut like the petals of a pink. The color of the plumose is extremely variable, changed by every breath of wind and every slight curling of the surface of the ocean from one prismatic tint to another. It is capable, too, of much alteration in its general form, shrinking to a mere shapeless mass and then expanding itself to the fullest extent or forming into many shapes, according to the caprice of the moment.

The snow-white anemones are among the most exquisite tenants of the sea—the body, of a yellowish-brown color, the disk pale and tentacles of the purest white. In another variety the outer covering assumes a bright orange complexion, while the disk is chocolate and the tentacles pure white. In fact, their colors are as various as their prehensile crown—fiery red, apple green, blue and orange yellow and milk white.

In some of these brilliant creatures when fully expanded you will see on the outer edge of the visible coating, behind the petals, a row of bright, round tubercles, looking

like a set of turquoise around the disk, then, losing all color, becoming pearls instead of turquoise, which transformation has earned for them the name of "beadlet."

The majority of zoophytes are not so strikingly tinted as the sea anemones, and yet there are others very remarkable for their showy painting. The "Sea Pens" are of this species, and like them capable of locomotion. The entire form of these curious beings is remarkably graceful, and it really seems as if they had been modeled upon a quill feather, plucked from the wing of a bird. They are phosphorescent, and if touched in any one place the light spreads from one branchlet to another until it reaches the summit, while all the parts below are dark, giving a most beautiful appearance. When irritated, the sea pen throws out a much stronger phosphorescent light.

Have you never seen upon the sea shore the pretty leaf-like "sea mats" with their wonderful regularity of structure and marvelous arrangement of cells? Beautiful as they are in this state you see but the dead and lifeless habitations of the creatures who built these wondrous cells with their cradle-like shape and covering of transparent skin stretched over each cradle and tucked in all around the margin, leaving an opening over the pillow as it were, and in each of these little cells there lies apparently a little child, who slowly as you look pushes open the slit in this tiny coverlid and raises itself half out of bed, when lo! the head falls open and becomes a bell of gorgeous tentacles! The protruding polyp was the little child!

Another splendid production, one of the most singularly lovely and interesting among the boundless works of nature, are the "animal trees"—exactly resembling leafless trees blighted by time, or vigorous flowering shrubs in miniature, rising with a dark brown stem and diverging into numerous boughs, branches and twigs, and yet strange to say, flowers of the most brilliant hues springing up from their extremities, the very petals of which have the power of motion. The glowing colors of the one and the vene-

table aspect of the other, laden with their prolific fruit and their numberless tenants, make them objects of uncommon interest and beauty.

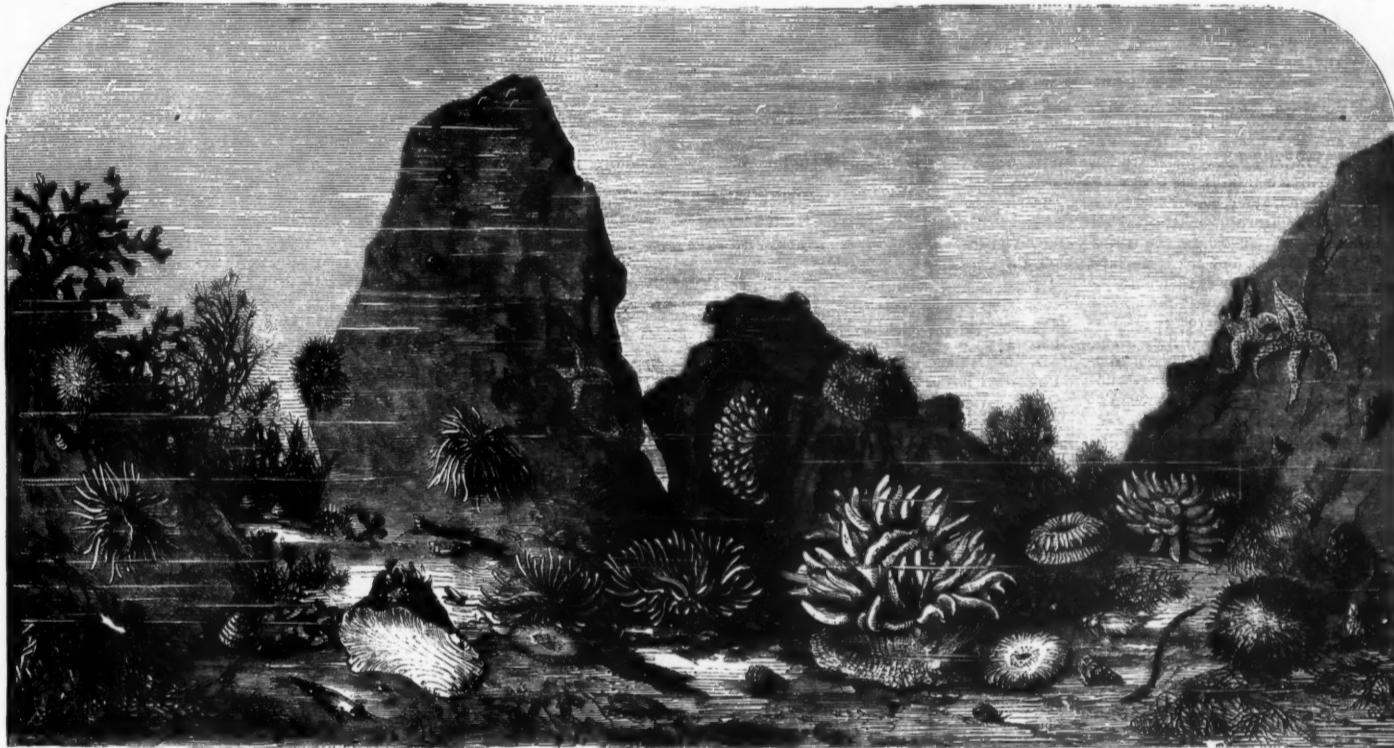
There is scarcely a nook or corner in the bed of the ocean where some of these tree-like forms are not found associated with the beautiful sea anemones and living coral, branch after branch being added to stem by the constant labor of these little polypes.

There are curious worms too, highly colored, and the most puzzling creatures that inhabit salt water. Some species look like scarlet flowers on the end of long twisting stems. They often congregate in clusters of thirty or forty specimens, and make a splendid nosegay of living flowers. Many of these worms have the faculty of piercing stone and eating almost everything that comes in their way.

The Sea Mouse is one of them, and though it is not at all prepossessing in its appearance it is really one of the most gorgeous creatures that can be imagined, the metallic brilliancy of whose coloring would not suffer in comparison with the brightest humming-bird. This singular name comes from its hairy coat.

Surrounding the entire body may be seen rows of bristles or hairs, each one of which is a living prism. Wondrous hues of ruby, emerald and sapphire, looking, in certain lights, like every conceivable gem and flower combined, flash from the coat of this breathing rainbow, giving forth a radiance which is almost painful in its intensity; and yet this beautiful creature, carrying as it does all the prismatic colors, passes its life under stones and shells at the muddy bottom of the ocean!

Not the least of the animated wonders of the sea are the transparent hosts of Jelly fish, whose innumerable swarms of beautifully tinted, bell-shaped medusæ astonish every sailor as he plows his way over the ocean, by their remarkable structure and strange transformations.



and descending, approaching and separating, these wonderful wreaths of light seem to fade away or to be utterly extinguished only to be rekindled the next moment and pursue again their queer fantastic course.

You have seen in summer myriads of fireflies and glow-worms shedding around a brilliant red or green light. Imagine then, if you can, glowworms and fireflies mingled together in all forms and colors, and in such immense numbers as to extend over hundreds of square miles! Added to this, that every nook of the vast region which they illuminate has its own peculiar light, and that what seems to us brown and lustreless by day acquire those rich tints and phosphorescent gleams by night, and you will have a very faint idea of the wondrous spectacle presented by the ocean. No wonder that in looking upon these beautiful sights the Arabian story tellers glorified their dreams of fairy-land.

In our own waters the anemones, with their gayly-tinted petals, decorate the submarine landscape perhaps more gorgeously than any other; while in the tropical ocean the social, reef-building corals are the chief ornaments of their submerged gardens.

The sea anemones are very simple in their construction, occupying nearly the lowest grade in the scale of animal life. Very few of the species are capable of motion, but among them are the anemones expanding their crown of tentacles upon the broken rocks, or more modestly embellishing the flat bottom of the ocean while at rest, and if they desire to wander they have several modes of changing their place, gliding slowly along upon their stalks, or turning themselves over, making use of their tentacles as feet; inflating their bodies with water so as to diminish their weight, and like an airy balloon drift with the current. If touched, they are provided with wonderful little weapons in the shape of "thread-like lassos," which are shot out from innumerable slits in the tube within their bodies.

like a set of turquoise around the disk, then, losing all color, becoming pearls instead of turquoise, which transformation has earned for them the name of "beadlet."

The majority of zoophytes are not so strikingly tinted as the sea anemones, and yet there are others very remarkable for their showy painting. The "Sea Pens" are of this species, and like them capable of locomotion. The entire form of these curious beings is remarkably graceful, and it really seems as if they had been modeled upon a quill feather, plucked from the wing of a bird. They are phosphorescent, and if touched in any one place the light spreads from one branchlet to another until it reaches the summit, while all the parts below are dark, giving a most beautiful appearance. When irritated, the sea pen throws out a much stronger phosphorescent light.

Have you never seen upon the sea shore the pretty leaf-like "sea mats" with their wonderful regularity of structure and marvelous arrangement of cells? Beautiful as they are in this state you see but the dead and lifeless habitations of the creatures who built these wondrous cells with their cradle-like shape and covering of transparent skin stretched over each cradle and tucked in all around the margin, leaving an opening over the pillow as it were, and in each of these little cells there lies apparently a little child, who slowly as you look pushes open the slit in this tiny coverlid and raises itself half out of bed, when lo!

the head falls open and becomes a bell of gorgeous tentacles! The protruding polyp was the little child!

The prevailing form of a jelly fish is that of an *umbrella*, with an upper and under disk, the space between the two being filled up with a liquid, which is really nothing but water. From the under disk hangs a mass called the *peduncle* which, curiously enough, forms a handle to this *umbrella*, fringed and scalloped at its edges in rose pink and opal. From its rim hang tentacles, which are active and sensitive, and provided with minute threads having a strange stinging power.

This little fish as it swims contracts its *umbrella*, and thus propels itself through the water. But do you know what a wonderful history it has? How its eggs are of the nature of seeds, which, sown on their rocky bed, sprout and grow, throwing out buds and suckers, each of which forms an animal stem, quite unlike the parent jelly, until at a certain time young jelly fish begin to be formed and to be thrown off by the several branches, just as flowers are formed and expand from a vegetable seed?

"First, like a polyp bending on its stem,
Its rays are spread, a fairy diadem,
It feels new powers, struggles to be free,
Then roams at large, unfettered, in the sea."

One of the most common of this order is in the shape of a star, each point set in brilliants—and these very brilliants which so sparkle are not pearls or diamonds but tentacles, which the fish uses to eat with, as well as to grasp objects to which it clings. Fastened to sea weeds along the shore it often contracts itself, so as to appear more like a half-blown morning-glory than a jelly fish.

Here is a curious form of animal life. A group of creatures growing from a long stalk, as it were. How wonderfully rapid are the movements of these spiral stems!—sometimes as many as fifty or sixty of these beautiful blue and white "bells" hanging from them and breaking into phosphorescent light along the shore.

The mouths of these little "jelly bells" are surrounded

(Continued on Page 302.)

"THE NIGHT COMETH ON."

Deep down 'mongst the reedy hollows,
And away thro' the meadows low,
Swift o'er its shining pebbles,
Pausing not in its ceaseless flow,
The brook that comes down from the mountain
To the ocean must speed its flight,
As the brightness that dawned with the morning
Must die on the threshold of night.

The ferns by the brookside growing,
And the reeds as they murmur and sigh,
And the willows and meadow grasses
Keep time as the brook sweeps by,
And the ocean is calmly waiting,
But never a ripple will tell,
When the wavelets the brook is bringing
Shall be merged in its long, low swell.

And there cometh a royal sunset
That lighteth the funeral pyre
Of the day as it glides down the western sky
And dies in its crimson fire;
And night with its swift wing mounting,
The brightness sweepeth away,
And setteth the seal of darkness
On the tomb of the vanished day.

And so it but little recketh
How radiant 'tis the dawn may be;
It as surely wears on to the gloaming
As the brook floweth on to the sea.
And however fair be its evening
Its brightness will soon be gone,
And the wan light and the gathering gloom
Will whisper, "The night cometh on."

ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

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DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Author of "Bressant," "Sebastian Strome,"
"Idolatry," "Garth," etc.

(CONTINUED.)

LANCASTER took a couple of turns up and down the room, and then seated himself in a chair at the opposite side of the table. "Enough about my friend Yorke," he said; "between your analysis and mine, he has grown too big for his share in the story. What I intended was to bring him into relations with a woman who should be a match for him: and this Marquise Desmoines, as I conceive her, will answer the purpose as well as another. Even while yet a girl at school, she had, as Marion's anecdote showed, the instinct of woman's power and conquest. She had already divided the human race into male and female, and had appraised the weapons available on her side. She had perceived that the weak point of woman is the heart, and was resolved to fence her own with triple steel. To marry a rich foreign nobleman of more than thrice her age was precisely her affair. She would have the world before her, as well as at her feet. She was—I imagine her to have been—beautiful, dimpled, luxuriant, sceptical, and witty. She was energetic by nature, selfish by philosophy, clever and worldly-wise by training. She could appreciate you like a friend, rally you like a critic, flatter and wheedle you like a mistress. She would caress you one moment, scoff at you the next, and put you in the wrong by your argument what it might. She could speak in double meaning, startle you, deceive you, and forgive you. She was fond of intrigue for its own sake, fertile in resources and expedients; she was willful and wayward from calculation, and dangerous at all times. She was indolently despotic, fond of playing with her sensations, and amusing herself with her passions. She was the heroine of a hundred perilous anecdotes, which showed rather the audacity of genius than commonplace improvidence. She could say with grace and charm things that no other woman could say at all. She could assume a fatal innocence and simplicity; and to have seen her blush was an unforgettable experience in a man's life. Physical exercise, especially dancing and riding, were indispensable to her; her toilettes, baths, clothes, and equipment were ideals of luxury. She was superstitious, because she believed in no religion; indifferent to inflicting suffering, because never suffering herself; but she loved the pleasure of pleasing, was kindly in disposition, mindful of benefits as well as of injuries; and in her loftier moods she could be royally or savagely generous, as well as fiercely implacable. She had a lawyer's head for business; was a better companion for men than for women; was even capable of genuine friendship, and could give sound and honest advice: and it was at such times that the real power and maturity of her understanding were revealed. That is the sort of woman that the plot of my story requires her to have been. When Yorke

met her, she was the Calypso of a distinguished company of noblemen, authors, actors, artists, abbés, soldiers, wits, and humorists; all of whom, by her magic, she could cause to assume the forms of turkey-cocks, magpies, poodles, monkeys, hogs, puppies, parrots, boa-constrictors, and other animals, according to their several dispositions. But Yorke was the Ulysses upon whom her spells had only so much effect as to incline him to spend most of his time in her company."

Here Lancaster paused, and drank off the remains of his tumbler of brandy and water.

"Well?" said Mr. Grant, moving the bottle toward him.

"No more, thank you," said Lancaster.

"You are not going to leave your drama just as the curtain is ready to go up?"

"I have come to the end of my invention."

"Ah! I should scarce have thought you had begun upon it, as yet," returned the other dryly.

Lancaster made no reply. At last Mr. Grant said, "Unless my genealogical inferences are at fault, you and Sir Francis Bendibow should be of kin."

"It is one of the impertinences of human society," said Lancaster, with twitching of his eyebrows, "that whatever filibuster happens to marry the sister of your father has a right to call you nephew. It might as reasonably be decreed that because I happen to cut the throat of some hook-nosed old money-lender, his women and children would have the right to style themselves my cousins and aunts. That law might, to be sure, prove a beneficial one, for it would do more than hanging to put a stop to murder. But the other law makes marriage a nuisance, and one of these days the nephews will arise and compel its repeal at the sword's point. Meanwhile I remain the baronet's nephew and your humble servant."

"You would abolish all but blood-relatives then?" said Mr. Grant, resting his elbows on the arms of his chair and interlacing his fingers.

"I would have no buts; abolish the whole of them!" exclaimed Lancaster—"even the rich uncles and the pretty cousins. Take a leaf from the book of animals, and let each human creature stand on his own basis and do the best he can with it. When I found a republic there shall be no genealogies and no families. So long as they exist we shall never know what we are really made of."

"The Bendibow Bank is, however, a highly prosperous and trustworthy concern?"

"You must get my uncle to sing its eulogies for you; I know nothing. But I am of opinion that Miss Marion Lockhart has an intuition for detecting humbugs. That Charles Grantley affair . . . is none of mine. But Sir Francis had two sides to him in his youth, and there may be some passages in his account book that he would deprecate publishing."

"Ah! I had contemplated calling at the bank to-morrow!"

"Oh, don't interpret my prejudices and antipathies as counsel!" interrupted the young man, throwing back his hair from his forehead and smiling. "The bank is as sound as the Great Pyramid, I doubt not. Bless your heart, everybody banks there! If they ruin you, you will have all the best folks in London for your fellow-bankrupts. I'm afraid I've bored you shamefully, but a little brandy goes a long way with me."

"You have said nothing that has failed to interest me," returned the old gentleman courteously. "As you may conceive, I find myself somewhat lonely. In twenty years such friends as may have been mine in England have disappeared, and the circumstances in which those years have been passed—in India—have precluded my finding others. At your age one can afford to wish to abolish kindred, but by the time you have lived thirty years longer you may understand how I would rather wish to create new kindred in the place of those whom fate has abolished for me. Human beings need one another, Mr. Lancaster. God has no other way of ministering to us than through our fellow-creatures. I esteem myself fortunate, therefore, in having met with yourself and with these kind ladies. You cannot know me as the vanished friend I spoke of would know me—my origin, my early life, my ambitions, my failures; but you can know me as an inoffensive old gentleman whose ambition for the rest of his life is to make himself agreeable to somebody. If you and I had been young men together in London thirty years ago, doubtless we might have found

ourselves in accord on many points of speculation and philosophy wherein now I should be disposed to challenge some of your conclusions. But intellectual agreement is not the highest basis of friendship between man and man. I, at all events, have been led by experience to value men for what I think they are, more than for what they think they are. I will make no other comment than that on the brilliant and ingenious . . . confidence, shall I call it?—with which you have honored me to-night. If it should ever occur to you to present me to your friend Yorke, under his true name, I am sure that I should enjoy his acquaintance, and that I should recognize him from your description. Perhaps he might be able to reinforce your invention as to the Marquise Perdita. Well, well, I am detaining you. Good-night!"

Lancaster colored a little at the latter sentence and a cloud passed over his face, but in another moment his eyebrows lifted with a smile. "God knows what induces me to masquerade so," he said. "I care to conceal myself only from those who can see nothing on any terms—which is certainly not your category. Let Yorke and Lancaster be one in future. As for Perdita . . . there goes twelve o'clock! I was startled at hearing her name to-night; she has just returned to London in the capacity of widow. It only needed that . . . however, what is that to you? Good-night."

"Perdita, a pretty name, is it not?" said Mr. Grant musingly, as he followed the other to the door. "It makes one hope there may be some leaven of Shakespeare's Perdita in her, after all."

"'Tis an ominous name, though—too ominous in this case for even Shakespeare to save it, I'm afraid," returned Lancaster. With that he went out and left Mr. Grant to his meditations.

CHAPTER X.

THE next day Mr. Grant hired a saddle-horse, and rode up to London, where, among other business, he made the call at Bendibow Bank, which has been already mentioned. His affair with that institution having been arranged, presumably to the satisfaction of both parties, Mr. Grant set out on his return home. As it was already six o'clock, however, he stopped at the "Holy Lands" hotel in the Strand, where he dined. By the time he was ready to resume his journey it was nearly dark, the rather as the night was moonless, and the sky was overlaid with heavy clouds. Partly by chance, partly because he fancied it would save him some distance, he took the northern or Uxbridge road, instead of that which goes through Kensington. After passing the northwest corner of Kensington Gardens, this road lay through a region which was, at that epoch, practically uninhabited. Mr. Grant rode easily along, absorbed in thought, and only occasionally taking note of his direction. He was a practiced horseman, and riding was as natural to him as walking. It was a very still night, though a storm might be brewing; and the only sounds audible to Mr. Grant's ears were the steady tramp of his horse's feet, the slight creaking of the saddle, and the rattle of the bit as the animal flung up his head. By-and-by, however, the rider fancied he heard the noise of another horse's hoofs beating the road at a gallop, and coming up behind him. He drew his left rein a little, and glanced over his shoulder.

Meanwhile, at Mrs. Lockhart's house in Hammersmith, dinner was ready at the usual time; but as Mr. Grant did not appear, it was resolved to wait for him. He had informed Mrs. Lockhart, previous to setting out, that it was his intention to go to London, and added that he might be detained some hours by business. No anxiety was felt, therefore: but, as Marion observed, dinner would not seem like dinner without Mr. Grant; and it was not worth while sitting down to table so long as any chance remained of his being present.

Accordingly, the dishes were put to warm in front of the kitchen fire; and Marion and Lancaster went to the piano, and tried to set to music some words that the latter had written. But singing conduces to appetite; and appetite will get the better even of sentiment. When more than half an hour had added itself to the abyss of the past, it was generally admitted that Mr. Grant was hopelessly derelict, and neglectful of his social duties: the dishes were brought in from the kitchen, and the trio seated themselves at table, with Mr. Grant's chair gapping vacantly at them all.

Now, whether a man be well or ill spoken of behind his back, depends not so much upon the man himself as upon those who

speak of him; but probably the worst thing that can happen to him is not to be spoken of at all. Mr. Grant fared well in all respects; he was spoken of, he was well spoken of, he was well spoken of by honest people; and it may not be too much to add that he was not undeserving of having honest people speak well of him. The goodness of some good men in a long time in getting the recognition that it deserves; that of others is appreciated at once; nor does it follow that the latter's virtues are necessarily shallower or less honorable than those of the former. Ten days ago, for example, Mr. Grant had been as good as nonexistent to the three persons who were now discussing him with so much interest and even affection. There was something in his face, in his glance, in the gradual, kindly brightening of his smile, in the pleasant melody of his voice, in the manly repose of his general walk and conversation, that inevitably inspired respect and liking in such persons as were disinterestedly susceptible of those sentiments. And yet Mr. Grant was far from being handsome either in face or figure; and no one knew what his life had been, what was his social position, whether he were rich or poor, or wherefore he was living in lodgings at Hammersmith; none of which subjects of inquiry are apt to be disregarded in the life of a country so compact and inquisitive as England. But even in England, sheer and naked individuality has vast weight, altogether unaccountable upon any general theory whatever: and Mr. Grant was in this way the passive subject of a special social dispensation.

"He told me last night," remarked Lancaster, "that he had been living in India for the last twenty years. I had been puzzling myself whom he reminded me of—physically, I mean; and that enlightened me. You have probably seen the man I mean, Mrs. Lockhart. I saw him the year he was acquitted, when I was eight or nine years old; and I never forgot his face—Warren Hastings."

Mrs. Lockhart replied that she had never seen Mr. Hastings, but she was sure Mr. Grant bore no resemblance to him in character. Mr. Hastings was a cruel and ambitious man; whereas Mr. Grant was the most humane man she had ever known, except the Major, and as simple as a child.

"There is mystery about him too," said Lancaster.

"Not the kind of mystery that makes you suspicious though," said Marion. "I feel that what he hides would make us like him better if we knew."

"What I hide is of another color," observed Lancaster.

"I'm sure it can be nothing bad," said Mrs. Lockhart.

Marion broke out, "So am I! Mr. Lancaster thinks it would be picturesque and poetical to be wicked, and so he is always talking about it. If he had really done anything wicked, he would be too vain to make a mystery of it; he could not help telling. But he has only been good so far, and he has not outgrown being ashamed of it. If he had committed more sins, the people in his poetry would have committed much fewer."

When Marion struck, she struck with all her might, and reckless of consequences. Mrs. Lockhart sat appalled, and Lancaster winced a little; but he was able to say good-humoredly, "I shall give up being a hypocrite; everybody finds me out. If I were a whitied sepulchre, detection would not humiliate me; but when a bottle labeled 'Poison' is found to contain nothing worse than otto of roses, it can never hold up its head again."

"Anybody can say what they please," rejoined Marion; "but what they do is all that amounts to anything."

"That is to say you are deaf, but you have eyes."

"That is a more poetical way of putting it, I suppose. But some words are as good as deeds, and I can hear those."

"It is not your seeing or hearing that troubles me, but your being able to read. If I had only been born an Arab or an ancient Hebrew, I might have written without fear of your criticism."

"I suppose you wish me to say that I would learn those languages for the express purpose of enjoying your poetry. But I think you are lucky in having to write in plain English. It is the most difficult of all languages to be wicked in—genteelly wicked, at least!"

"You convince me, however, that it must have been the original language spoken by Job's wife, when she advised him to curse God and die. If she had been as much a mistress of it as you are, I think he would have done well."

"If he had been a poet, 'tis very likely."

"I hope," said Mrs. Lockhart with gentle simplicity, "that nothing has happened to Mr. Grant."

Lancaster and Marion both turned their faces toward the window, and then Lancaster got up from the table—they had finished dinner—and looked out. "It has grown dark very suddenly," he remarked. "I fear Mr. Grant will get wet if he does not return soon."

Marion also arose and stood at the other side of the window. After awhile she said, "I should like to be out in such a night as this."

"I hate darkness," returned Lancaster. "Come what come may, as long as I have a light to see it by."

"I love darkness, because then I can see my mind. When father was alive, and I had more time to do what I wished, I used to lie awake at night as much as in the day-time."

"Your mind must be fuller of light than most people's, if you can see it only in the darkness."

"I am light-minded—is that what you mean?"

"No, I am serious. You never are serious except when you are angry."

"If I am never serious, I must be light-minded. Very likely I am light-headed, too, sometimes; mother has often told me so. I like to be out in the rain, and to get my feet wet and muddy. I should like to have been a soldier in my father's regiment; he said I would make a good soldier."

"And shoot Frenchmen?"

"I prefer killing with a sword. Washing dishes and marketing becomes tiresome after a while. I shall probably kill the baker or the greengrocer some day; I have a terrible tongue, and if I don't let it have its way once in a while it will become worse. Hitherto I have only broken dishes; but that is not terrible enough."

"I'll be hanged if I can understand you," said Lancaster, after a pause.

"You are such a handsome man you don't need to understand people. The object of understanding people is to get the better of them; but when one is handsome, people open their doors at once."

"Then why don't you open yours?"

"If I don't, it is as much on your account as on mine."

"How is that?"

"When I tell you that, I shall have told you a great deal. But why didn't you protest that you had no notion you were handsome, and that I was a flatterer?"

"I know I'm handsome, and I'm glad of it."

"Do you often speak the truth like that?"

"You get more truth out of me than I suspected of being in me. But if, some day, you provoke me to some truth that I had better have kept to myself, it will be your fault."

"I don't think there is much danger. I like this first truth of yours. If I were handsome I should be glad of it, too. Ugly women are suspicious, designing and jealous. They talk about the charms of a cultivated intelligence being superior in the long run, to beauty. But beauty does not wait for the long run—it wins at once, and lets the cultivated intelligence run on to Jericho, if it likes. I imagine most cultivated intelligences would be thankful to be fools, if they could afford it."

"But beauty doesn't always imply folly."

"Oh, I am speaking of women!"

"Thank you. But, speaking of women, what have you to say to the Marquise Desmoines, for instance?"

"So you know her?"

"I heard you speak of her last night as being both beautiful and clever."

"But you know her?"

"I ran across her abroad," said Lancaster, with an indifferent air. But before saying it he had hesitated for a moment, and Marion had noticed the hesitation.

"How did you like the Marquis?" she inquired.

"He was a very distinguished old gentleman, very punctilious and very bilious. He always wore a red ribbon in his button-hole and sat in a large arm-chair, and four times a day he had a glass of absinthe. 'Tis a wonder he lived so long."

"Oh, did he die?"

"He is dead."

"What did you do then?"

"I did not know of it until a few days ago. He has been dead six months."

"Then Perdita is in England!" said Marion rapidly, meeting Lancaster's glance with her own. Except when she was angry, or for some other reason forgot

herself, she habitually avoided another person's glance. For she was of an extremely sensitive, nervous temperament, and the "personal equation" of those with whom she conversed affected her more than physical contact would affect other people.

At this point the dialogue was interrupted by a startling glare of lightning, succeeded almost immediately by a crash of thunder so loud and so heavy as to rattle the window in its frame and jar the floor on which they stood. Marion laughed, and opening the window leaned out. Mrs. Lockhart, who had fallen into a gentle doze in her chair, awoke with a little jump and an exclamation.

"Oh, Marion . . . what has gone off? Mr. Grant? Why is the window open? Dear heart! is that the rain? He will be drenched to the skin, Mr. Lancaster."

"So will you if you don't shut the window," said Lancaster to Marion.

She looked round and appeared to answer, but her words were inaudible in the thunderpeal that accompanied them. The rain drove straight downwards with such force and weight that the drops might have been liquid lead. The sky was black.

"I shall take an umbrella and go out and meet him," Marion was now heard to say. "Oh, my child, you are mad!" cried Mrs. Lockhart. "Do put down the window, Mr. Lancaster."

Lancaster complied. Marion glanced at him with an odd, quizzical kind of a smile. He did not know what she meant; but he joined Mrs. Lockhart in denouncing Marion's project as impossible.

"He would be as wet as he is capable of being before you found him," he said; "besides, he couldn't use an umbrella on horseback; and even if you knew where he was and which road he was coming by, it's a hundred to one you'd miss him in a night like this."

"La! what a regiment of reasons!" she answered, with her short, irregular laugh. "I only wanted a reason for going out. As to being of use to Mr. Grant, 'twould be but a chance, of course; but so is everything for that matter."

She did not persist in her intention, however, but began to move carelessly about the room, and made no answer to several remarks that her mother and Lancaster addressed to her.

When nearly half an hour had passed away, her bearing and aspect suddenly changed; she went swiftly out of the room, shutting the door behind her. Then the outside door was heard to open, and Marion's step going down to the gate, which was likewise flung back; then, after a minute's silence, the sound of voices, and Lancaster, peering out of the window, saw, by the aid of an accommodating flash of lightning, Marion and Mr. Grant (who was without his hat) coming up the paved way to the porch.

"What a strange thing!" he exclaimed. "How could she possibly have known he was coming?"

"Marion has wonderful ears," said Mrs. Lockhart with a sigh, as if the faculty were in some way deleterious to the possessor of it. But Lancaster thought that something else besides fine hearing was involved in this matter.

The girl now came in, her cheeks flushed, her hair, face and shoulders wet, conducting Mr. Grant with her arm under his. He was splashed and smeared with mud and looked very pale; but he smiled and said with his usual courtesy: "I am not going to spoil your carpet and chairs, dear madam. I do but show you my plight, like a truant schoolboy who has tumbled into the gutter, and then I retire for repairs."

"No: you shall sit down here," said Marion determinedly but quietly; and in despite of himself she led him to the stuffed easy chair which her mother had just quitted, and forced him into it. "Mr. Grant has had some hurt," she added to the others; and to Lancaster, "Go up to his room and bring down his dressing-gown. Mother, get some water heated in the kitchen. I will attend to him."

Her manner to the old man was full of delicate and sympathetic tenderness; to the others, of self-possessed authority. Lancaster went on his errand with a submissive docility that surprised himself. He had seen a great deal of Marion in the last few hours; but he was not sure that he had seen into her very far.

When he returned with the dressing-gown, Marion had got Mr. Grant's coat off, and was wiping the mud off from a bruised place on his right hand with her wetted handkerchief. "Nothing dangerous, thank God!" she was saying, in a soothing undertone, as Lancaster approached.

"You got a fall?" asked the latter of the elder man, who nodded in reply. Marion said brusquely, "Don't you see that he is too exhausted to talk? Wait, and you will know everything."

In truth, Mr. Grant appeared a good deal shaken; and for several minutes could do little more than accept passively the ministrations that were bestowed upon him. Marion continued to direct the operations, the others assisting with abundant goodwill. At last Mr. Grant said:

"It is very pleasant to find you all so kind—to be so well taken care of. I fear I'm ruining your chair, Mrs. Lockhart. There was really no need for this. I am none the worse, except for the loss of a hat. Thank you, my dear, you are very good."

"Have you had your dinner?" inquired Mrs. Lockhart.

"Yes, I am obliged to you, madam. I was belated, and . . . But you must hear my adventure. I thought the highwaymen days were over in this neighborhood."

"I wish I had been with you!" murmured Marion resentfully.

"Highwaymen? oh!" faltered Mrs. Lockhart.

"My highwayman was not so ceremonious as the best of the old-fashioned ones," continued Mr. Grant, smiling. "He came upon me just before the storm broke. I heard his horse overtaking me at a gallop, and I drew aside to let him pass. But he rode right against me—he was mounted on a very powerful animal—and nearly threw me down. As I turned toward him, he held a pistol in his hand, and fired at me. The ball knocked off my hat, and missed me. I had a heavy riding-whip, and I struck at him with it. I think I must have hit him across the wrist; at all events, he dropped the pistol. Neither of us had spoken a word. It was at that moment that the first flash of lightning came. It showed me that he was a large man, dressed in dark clothes; he put his arm across his face, as if to prevent my seeing it. The thunder was very loud, and my horse plunged and burst his girths; and I slipped to the ground. What with the rain and the noise, and the suddenness of it all, I was confused, and hardly knew what happened for a few moments. When I got on my feet again, I was alone; my highwayman had disappeared; and so had my horse, though I picked it up on the road later."

"He may have thought, from your falling, that he had not missed his shot after all," said Lancaster.

"It was the lightning that frightened him away," said Marion. "He counted on darkness, and dared not risk recognition."

"How did you get home? did you have to walk?" asked Mrs. Lockhart.

"Only a short distance. A wagon happened to come along, and the driver gave me a lift as far as the corner. And there Marion met me. What spirit told you I was coming, my dear?"

Marion replied only by a smile.

"It seems singular," remarked Lancaster, "that he should have ridden at you and fired at once, instead of going through the customary formality of inquiring whether you preferred your life to your purse. Those fellows are usually more cautious for their own sakes."

"He was as much afraid of having his voice heard as of having his face seen," said Marion. "He wished to kill Mr. Grant more than to rob him. You didn't have much money with you, did you?"

"Not much, as it happened, my dear; though, as I had been to the Bank, whoever had taken the trouble to follow my movements might have inferred that I did have."

"The Bendibow Bank?" demanded Marion.

"Yes; I introduced myself to your friend Sir Francis."

Lancaster chanced to be looking at Marion, and noticed a troubled expression pass across her face. She laid her hand lightly on Mr. Grant's shoulder, and passed it down his arm; the action seemed at once affectionate and reproachful. "You disapprove of that, don't you?" the young man said to her, smiling.

The question appeared to annoy her: "I am glad he got home," she said coldly. Then she got up and went out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHILDREN of glorious Italy are seeking in great numbers homes in the Western world. Not only do the United States attract them, but late reports show that they are the principal element of European immigration into Mexico; and in the Argentine Republic they are more than double any other nation among the immigrants, counting according to the census of December, 1880, not less than 154,000 souls.

THE STILL HOUR.

VOLVENTIBUS ANNIS.

THE hopes and joys of life are passing,
Soon to be gone;
The friends we knew in youth no longer
Make life all cheerful, faith still stronger,
As years roll on.

When those we loved have passed to rest
From strife and wrong,
Who longer then would wish to stay
Where gloomy phantoms haunt the way,
As years roll on?

We are not as in years gone by,
So fresh and strong;
Time stamps his frostwork in our hair,
Imprints our brows with lines of care,
As years roll on.

Our sky is hung with leaden clouds,
And we are long
Shall hear the voices of the blest,
Bidding us enter into rest,
As years roll on.

Nature with each returning spring
Her robes shall don,
And we shall find our place of rest
Upon the cold and damp earth's breast
As years roll on.

But then a bright and glorious day
On us shall dawn,
When we shall leave the grave's dark night
And soar to scenes of peace and light
As years roll on.

Father, and source of life and joy,
Whom few may con,
Keep us and guide our souls above
Into Thy realms of perfect love
As years roll on.

H. E. WOODBURY.

THE SIGHT of embodied goodness makes us want to be good.

HUMILITY is of all graces the chief when it does not know itself to be a grace.

THE BIBLE invites investigation, and stands in no need of apology.—A. B. THAIN.

AS I come nearer to the grave my theology grows strangely simple, and it begins and ends with Christ.—BISHOP WHIPPLE.

KIND LOOKS, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and fighting their unseen battles.—JOHN HALL.

AS WE LEARN the law of Christ we shall feel more and more that we owe a debt to every soul, that all men are our brothers, however dark or low their lot may be.—H. W. THOMAS.

LIFE is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it that it will be to you. Either a millstone around your neck or a diadem on your brow. Take it up bravely, bear it on joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.—GAIL HAMILTON.

THERE is a great work for to-day. What we do will stay done and will tell grandly on the ages to come. What we leave undone will breed confusion and disaster, and our children and children's children will justly hold us responsible for not laying hold on the opportunities afforded us.—F. A. NOBLE.

AN everyday religion, one that loves the duties of our common walk, one that makes an honest man, one that accomplishes an intellectual and moral growth in the subject, one that works in all weather and improves all opportunities, will best and most healthily promote the growth of a church and the spread of the Gospel.—HORACE BUSHNELL.

MANY a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. If a thing pleases they are apt to seek it; if it displeases they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour and words harsh and faultfinding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

AS FORMER AGES have settled their great questions and wrought their great works, we shall settle and work ours. Churches will be planted; the great evils will be vanquished; the creeds will have a new deposit of truth; missions will press on to ultimate victory; the land will be Christianized in every part; a better order of society will be established; the scaffolding shall be down, and we shall see what we have been building.—J. MORGAN SMITH.

J. L. RUSSELL.

INDIAN MYTHS.



THE RACCOONS AND THE CRAW-FISH.

AN OMAHA MYTH.

BY REV. J. OWEN DORSEY.

ONCE upon a time there were two raccoons, and they became very hungry. So one of them asked his brother to accompany him on a journey in search of food. And this is how he gave the invitation :

"Younger brother Coon,
Let us go to eat grapes,
Younger brother Coon."

To this the other raccoon replied as follows :

"O my elder brother, whenever I eat them my teeth chatter rapidly, therefore I am not willing to go for that purpose."

Then the elder one sang :

"Younger brother Coon,
Let us go to eat choke-berries,
Younger brother Coon."

But the other one said : "O my elder brother, whenever I eat them I grow very chilly. So I am not willing to go for them."

Then the elder raccoon sang :

"Younger brother Coon,
Let us go to eat plums,
Younger brother Coon."

Said the younger, "O my elder brother, whenever I eat them they make me very sick, therefore I am not willing to go for them."

Then the elder raccoon sang :

"Younger brother Coon,
Let us go to eat craw-fish,
Younger brother Coon."

"Thanks, elder brother! thanks, elder brother! they are always good for me, and I am thinking about them very often," said the younger.

And they departed, planning as they went. There was a very large village of craw-fish near at hand. "O elder brother," said the younger raccoon, "let us pretend to pay a friendly visit, and when they stand around us let us attack them and eat them." "No," said the other; "let us kill them one by one as they go for water, and then we can eat them." And the younger raccoon said : "No, I have a plan. Let us pretend to be dead as we lie on top of a ridge of hills where the path which they take when they go after horses turns aside as it comes back this way." "That is just what we desire. It shall be just so," said the elder.

So they went thither; they lay flat on their backs in the path, pretending to be dead.

"Do your very best," said the elder. "No matter if they thrust their claws into your eyes, even if they tickle you on the side, even if they thrust their claws into your nostrils, even if they kick your head aside with their toes, don't you dare to make the slightest movement; but when I say, 'Oho!' then up and at them."

By and by a craw-fish who had been hunting his horse came along the path. When he discovered them he said, "Shi! shi! shi! there are two dead raccoons!" Then he went around them before approaching them, as he wished to be very cautious. At length he came to them. He kicked one aside, but the raccoon did not stir at all. So he went home to tell the news. (Some say that the raccoons lay by the side of the stream, at the place where the craw-fish maidens got the water for the camp, and that several of the latter discovered the raccoons when they came down to get water. They ran back to camp with the news.)

"Two of those whom you call 'Wa-ça-qu-qu-xe'

are lying dead. Halloo!" said the man.

Those in the village remained as they were.

"Hark!" said one who heard the call; and then they all listened for a few moments, when the cry was repeated. It was taken up by an aged man who had been sitting in a very remote place. He started homeward and acted as crier as he approached the village.

Then the inhabitants of the village were in great confusion in consequence of the news. Every one was talking or shouting. The chief of the craw-fish gave his orders to the crier to make a proclamation. He went among the lodges, saying, "The chief says that you must dance! Halloo!"

Then all the people went to the spot where the raccoons lay. Even the little children who were learning to walk accompanied their mothers. When they reached the place they stood around the raccoons. Last of all came a very aged craw-fish leaning on his staff. He warned the people not to go too near.

"Stand off! These Ish-ti-ni-ke are very cunning. Hold yourselves in readiness. Let us see! Feel them."

Then one of the craw-fish tickled a raccoon in the side, but the latter did not move at all. Just as he was about to laugh out the craw-fish stopped and left him. Then the craw-fish went to the other raccoon and thrust his claws up his nostrils, but the raccoon did not stir. Just as he was about to sneeze the craw-fish left him and returned to the former, whose eyelids he took hold of by the very edge; but the raccoon did not move a muscle.

"All right! they are dead. Come, let us have the dance," said the craw-fish.

The old man sat in the middle



of the ring as the craw-fish danced around the raccoons. He beat on a pillow with a round gourd, which he made rattle as he sang a dancing-song which may be translated thus : "Two raccoons are lying dead. The one has a long heel; the other has a spotted face. Halloo!"

At length the elder raccoon said, "Oho!" Up they jumped and began to kill and eat the craw-fish. Away scampered the surviving craw-fish, running toward their lodges as fast as they could. But the raccoons killed all of them but two, a boy and a girl. These two barely reached their home.

"Begone!" said the raccoons; "you shall live; you shall have a new name; you shall be called Man-shkan, Craw-fish."

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT, who will spend the coming summer in London, has just become the owner of a house on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Barrett is said to be especially versed in both ancient and modern history, his preference being for Greek history. He reads both Latin and Greek.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

BY HARRY CASTLEMAN.

"I HARDLY know what to say about it, boys. I don't at all like the looks of those clouds, and the wind is blowing almost a gale."

"But just think of this, father: here's Guy, who has come all the way from New York to see some fun, and it will be a great pity if he is obliged to go back without having even one day's sport at fishing through the ice."

"I do think of it, and that is just what makes me hesitate. I do not wish to deprive either him or you of any pleasure, and you may go, provided Mr. Niles goes. He is a careful man, and would not venture on the ice if there were any danger to be apprehended. When you return you had better bring your house with you, unless you want to wake up some fine morning and find it gone. These high winds must have weakened the ice considerably, and the first thing we know it will break up and go off down the lake. When it goes it will go with a rush."

Judge Howard set out for his office, leaving two eager and excited boys behind him. One of them was his son Tom and the other was his nephew, Guy Hathaway. Tom lived in a thriving village on the shore of one of the great lakes and Guy was a city boy who had come out there to spend the holidays with him.

As soon as the judge had left the house the boys put on their overcoats, mufflers and gloves, and taking their stand at the gate kept a good lookout for Mr. Niles. Before them was the bay covered with a sheet of glaring ice that extended perhaps two miles from the shore, and beyond it could be seen the clear waters of the lake, which the wind was tossing about in violent commotion. The frozen surface of the bay was almost as populous as the town itself. It was thickly dotted with fish-houses; crowds of men and boys mounted on skates were moving rapidly about among them, and sleighs filled with merry parties of girls and beaux were constantly passing between the shore and the village on the ice.

"That's my house—the one with the white stripe around the top," said Tom. "I made it myself, and it is just as good as any you will find out there. Here comes our man now. Are you going fishing to-day, Mr. Niles?"

"I am, indeed, Master Tom," replied the gentleman, who carried a fish spear in his hand. "I wouldn't take ten dollars for my chance of catching a boat-load. We shall have an old-fashioned snow storm to come back in, but who cares for that?"

"I am sure we don't," said Tom, "for we are neither sugar nor salt. Now, Guy, if you will go in and get our skates and ask mother to put up a lunch for us I'll unlock the boat-house and have everything ready for the start as soon as you come down."

Tom hastened across the street toward the boat-house and Guy ran in after the skates and lunch-basket. A few minutes later he stepped upon the little pier which in the summer served as a landing place for Mr. Howard's yacht, and found there a small skiff mounted on runners. In the skiff were a pair of oars, a few armfuls of light firewood, a fish spear and a decoy.

"Folks laugh at me because I never go on the ice to fish without taking my boat with me," said Tom, as he deposited the lunch-basket in the stern sheets and knelt down to fasten on the club skates his cousin had given him for a Christmas present; "but I don't care if they do. I know it is a good deal of trouble to drag it out there and back, but it is best to be on the safe side. Catch hold and go on."

Having put on his skates Guy took the painter in his hand and struck out at his best pace for the fish-house with the white stripe around it, Tom pushing the skiff from behind. It was not long before their approach was discovered by a party of merry youngsters who hastened to their assistance, and with much laughing and shouting the little boat was hurried over the ice, and finally brought to a standstill in front of Tom's fish-house. Then the boys skated off to see what else they could find to do, and Tom and his

cousin went into the house.

"I never expected to see this little building again," said Tom, as he set his spear up in one corner and began bringing in the firewood. "I drew it out here one Saturday about two weeks before you came, and had just one day's fishing in it. The same night we had a warm rain, and by the time Monday night came the ice was so soft that it wasn't safe to venture out on it. The first thing I did when I awoke in the morning was to look for my house, and every time I looked I expected to find it gone. But here it is yet. The last cold snap saved it."

While Tom was talking in this way Guy had leisure to look about him. The house was about eight feet square, quite high enough to allow a tall man to stand upright in it, and Guy had noticed before he came in that it was provided with runners. It was built of matched boards, and the only opening in it was a circular hole in the floor about two feet in diameter. Guy looked into it and saw that directly under it hole had been cut in the ice, but it was now frozen over, owing to the late cold snap. There was

a crowbar handy, and with its aid Tom soon knocked out the new ice, and then Guy could look right down into the water. This done Tom started a fire in the little sheet-iron stove and then shut the door.

"How dark it is!" exclaimed Guy.

"That's just what we want," replied his cousin. "We can see the fish but they can't see us. You stand on the other side of this hole and I will show you how to use a spear."

Tom picked up the decoy—a piece of wood which was an exact imitation of a herring, both in form and color—dropped it gently in the water and held it there by a string which was tied to a ring in the decoy's back. Then he poised the spear over the hole and moved the decoy back and forth to attract the attention of any fish that might happen to be passing by.

"If a school comes along and I can strike one of them I shall not need the decoy, for the others will rise!"

Splash! went the spear, and when Tom drew it up there was a fine herring impaled upon the tines. To throw the struggling captive into a basket that stood close at hand, make another thrust and bring up a second herring was but the work of a moment. Again and again the spear descended, and Tom, who was an expert, brought up a fish every time he struck.

"Just look at them, Guy," he exclaimed. "You see how it is done, don't you? Suppose you try your hand."

Guy took the spear, made an awkward lunge and of course missed his mark. His second and third attempts met with no better success, but that did not seem to make any difference to the fish, for as fast as one was frightened away a dozen others came to take his place, rising to seize the scales that had been knocked off their captured companions by the tines of the spear. But practice makes perfect, and finally, to his great delight, Guy made a successful throw. After that he seldom missed. The school, which proved to be a large one, was fully two hours in passing the hole, and by the end of that time the basket was full.

"Did you ever catch so many fish before in so short a time?" asked Tom. "Now we'll have dinner."

Just then the door opened and one of Tom's cronies thrust his head into the house. "What luck?" he asked.

"A bushel basket heaping full," was Tom's reply.

"Good! You'd better make the most of your time, for everybody says that this is our last day on *this* ice. It will all be gone in the morning. It is breaking up fast."

"Oh, Tom, just look there!" exclaimed Guy, pointing through the open door.

Tom looked and saw a sight that was familiar enough to him, although he did not wonder that it excited the fears of his cousin, who had never had much to do with the water. The wind had increased to a perfect gale, the white caps were running and the angry billows were dashing furiously over the edge of the ice. The water was covered with huge cakes that had been broken off farther up the bay, and which were rapidly falling to pieces as they were knocked about by the waves. The clouds were dark and lowering, and betokened the approach of a snow storm.

"It does look rather wild, that's a fact," said Tom.

"Let's go ashore," exclaimed Guy, who was not a little alarmed.

"No danger," said Tom's crony. "There are two miles of ice to be broken up before the water can reach us. It will be time to go when the others do. Go on and catch another basketful of fish. You may not have another chance this winter."

Guy's fears were by no means set at rest by the assurance that there was no danger. He stood in the open door and watched the threatening sky and the angry waves, while Tom, talking rapidly all the while, busied himself with his preparations for dinner. He filled a small coffee-pot with water, and having placed it on the stove to boil was in the act of mending the fire when he heard a sound that drove the blood back from his heart and left his face as pale as death itself. It was a cry of terror that arose simultaneously from a hundred frightened people—such a cry as men utter when they find themselves confronted by some terrible danger.

"Oh, Tom, what is it?" gasped the terrified Guy.

"The ice is breaking up!" was the appalling answer.

As Tom spoke there was a jar like that occasioned by a steamer bumping against a wharf, the water boiled and foamed in the hole, and looking up at the clouds Guy saw that the house was in motion. He followed his cousin with trembling steps, and never until his dying day will he forget the scene that was presented to his gaze when

he stepped out of that door. A huge cake of ice, five hundred yards long and half as wide, had been broken off by the action of the waves and was rapidly moving out into the lake, carrying with it nearly all the fish-houses and a crowd of men, women and children, who ran frantically about seeking some way of escape. A streak of bright water, ten feet in width and growing wider every instant, lay between them and the shore, and, worse than all, a team of horses, whose frantic driver had attempted to urge them across the break when it first opened, were floundering in the water, while the occupants of the cutter to which they were attached were battling madly for their lives and rending the air with their piteous appeals for help. Guy Hathaway, almost paralyzed with terror, turned away his head and put his hands over his ears, but Tom sprang into life and action at once.

"The boat!" he cried. "Help me with the boat, Guy. We can save them and every soul on the ice, but we must work fast, for this gale will blow us the whole length of the lake in an hour's time."

Guy seized the boat with hands that seemed to have lost their power. It was little assistance he rendered his

"Oh, Tom, what is going to become of us?" cried Guy. "If the ice holds together we shall be taken off in time," replied his cousin calmly. "If it breaks up we are done for. Let's go into the house where it is warm."

But Guy did not want to go into the house; he feared that some danger might overtake him there. He stood in front of the door watching the waves as they slowly but surely broke up the floe that was carrying him so rapidly down the lake, and wondered if the boats which the people on shore were making ready to bring to the rescue would arrive in time to be of any use. His suspense was terrible, and when at last the storm burst forth in all its fury and the driving snow shut the shore out from his view, and he and his fellow-castaways were alone on the angry waters, Guy gave up all hope, and closing the door of the fish-house behind him lay down on a bench and resigned himself to his fate. He must have sunk into a sort of stupor, for he could not remember anything that happened until he found himself in a comfortable bed and saw his cousin, in dressing-gown and slippers, sitting in an easy chair reading a book.

"Where am I?" asked Guy in a faint voice.

"Hallo! you have come round all right at last, have you?" said Tom. "You are at home, where you ought to be. We were driven twenty miles down the lake, and when we were taken off the floe had been broken up until there were only three fish-houses remaining out of the sixty that started away with us. I tell you, Guy, we passed through a terrible ordeal and were very near to death. Now you know all about it, and you mustn't talk any more."

"Tom," said Guy after a few minutes' silence, "that was my first, and I assure you it shall be my last, experience in fishing through the ice."

ORIENTAL CARPETS.

MR. WENTWORTH BULLER has been for some two years making investigations into the history and modes of manufacture of Oriental carpets, both ancient and modern, and gives the results in a late number of the *London Art Journal*. Until these investigations began he had supposed all carpets to be of wool, and for a year or more sought in vain to imitate a Persian carpet, till at last having recourse to a microscope in order to ascertain the real material of the finest specimens, he found that the hair of four animals had been used. These were the common and the bactrian camel, the yak and the long-haired goat. It became clear at once why English attempts to imitate Oriental carpets had failed, it being impossible to produce the same effect from two distinct materials. It was also made clear why a Persian rug in use for years will show no signs of dirt or grime, while a carpet with long wool pile is soiled in a season. The stiff goats' hair cannot retain grime, while dust shakes off from it at once. The finest hair is difficult to obtain, and equally difficult to dye and spin, but it forms the larger part of the finest carpets, the colors of which are unaltered after several hundred years of use. Mr.

Buller finds the chronology of carpets quite as easily settled as that of illuminated manuscripts, each century having its own types of ornament.

A Persian carpet of the fourteenth or fifteenth century is a real work of art, having the same relation to an ordinary carpet that a picture of Titian has to a third-rate canvas in an auction room. Then workman and designer were one, and the distinct separation of the two to-day is one reason for the failure in reproducing anything even approaching the old forms in merit. One carpet described in full required ten hours a day for twenty years, and could not be manufactured to-day for less than \$20,000, and the carpets of the "fine period" have many of them from five to seven hundred and seventy-five stitches to the inch, being worked on silk warps, with often the introduction of gold or silver thread. Mr. Buller draws the attention of all art collectors to the topic, which has been a neglected one, and proposes a series of articles, in which, after describing the different classes, he will give rules for determining their age.

VERY few people realize the advanced age of Robert Browning, whose seventieth birthday is near at hand. It is a very curious fact that he has never had on hand a complete set of his books, and the Browning Society are preparing a gift of a set, to be a miracle of binding, the cover of each volume to have a symbolic device. "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," for example, will display a red night-cap; the volume containing "Tray," a dog, etc.



THE HUNTER'S DOG.—AFTER A PAINTING BY TROYON.

SEA FLOWERS.

(Continued from page 297.)

With *lids*, which really means "eyelashes," or little fine hairs used as so many *oars* to propel them thus rapidly through the water. Some of these "bells" are so small that you can hardly see them, and yet all the rainbow rays seem blended together to make up their great beauty.

This is the more wonderful when you consider that the jelly fishes consist almost entirely of water, and shrink to a mere nothing when they lose their vital power; and that their hearing apparatus is made up of grains of lime rolling to and fro; while crystals, which refract light, are a sort of beginning of eyes.

"Singular creatures" you say, and yet they are so wonderfully adapted to the purposes for which they were created, and within so beautiful!

"Figured by hand Divine, there's not a gem Wrought by man's art to be compared to them; Soft, brilliant, tender, through the waves they glow And make the moonbeams brighter where they go."

Among the few sea flowers that we have touched upon none are more important in the household of the ocean than the "reef-building corals" of the torrid zone, to which we have already alluded. The very gaudiest live among the coral reefs. There these sensitive flowers of the ocean build their submarine palaces, gliding from coral branch to coral branch, and from one lustrous petal to another.

It is not to be wondered at that these little creatures, growing like plants, assume all forms of vegetation. Among them we find lichens and mosses, leaves and columns, shrubs and trees. And all these varied shapes in every instance proceed from a single germ, which grows and buds under a few simple laws of development.

Everywhere throughout this region the eye is charmed with the brilliancy of color. Take the yellow and lilac fans of the "Gorgona," worked, like jewelry, in filigree; the elegant "cup" coral, with its pure, translucent white, tinged with a delicate rose and variegated with the richest chestnut; the rare "tuft" coral, like a massive, thickly-branched tree, with its individual corals set upon one common stem; the "organ pipe," its tubes arranged like the pipes of a church organ, and beautiful in the extreme, in its delicate pink and light green, contrasting finely with the structure it so wonderfully raises.

These, with hosts of others, shine in the darkness like "fairy stars," and silently accomplish their gigantic work.

These massive structures are all of great beauty, but how do they rear them? Let us see. In the hot summer months millions of jelly-like spawn are thrown off by the parent animal. For awhile they enjoy their freedom and revel in the exercise of their locomotive powers, but soon becoming tired they settle down upon some firm, stationary body. At once they prepare to take on a different form, becoming star-like in their appearance, with tentacles around the mouth very much as leaves surround the centre of a flower. After awhile, each one of these ray-like parts pushes out extensions, which in their turn assume the shape of tiny stars, and establish their own existence by exhibiting an independent mouth. In the meantime lime has been deposited at the base of the little animal by its own unceasing activity, and forms a close-fitting tube, which adheres firmly to the rock. Upon this slender foundation arises another layer, and thus, by incessant labor, story after story is raised, until at last a tree has grown up, with branches spreading far and wide. But where the plants of earth bear leaves and flowers here buds forth from the hard stone a living sensitive animal, moving at will, and clad in the gay form and bright colors of a flower.

And this beautiful creature is the very flower itself! What we call coral is only its habitation, on the outside of which it prefers to live. No one has ever seen just how these wonderful dwellings are built. We only know that by some God-giving power these tiny animals continually absorb the almost imperceptible grains of lime which are found in all salt water, and deposit them one by one in the interior, and the denser the deposit the more valuable the coral. Gradually this substance hardens, becoming solid and compact.

On this tree-shaped limestone grow the life-endowed bodies of these polyps. They feed, they produce others, and then are turned into stone, burying themselves in their own rocky tenements.

These myriads of workmen are never weary. Night and day, month after month, they labor assiduously to build up the

islands and reefs of the tropical seas. And what piles of stone are accumulated in the lapse of ages by these minute architects! No monument that man has ever raised can be compared to them! Well may it be said that "they building for eternity!"

"Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought Unconscious, not unworthy instruments, By which a hand invisible was bearing A new Creation in the secret deep! Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them. Thus, what Omnipotence alone can do, They did!"

In this short account, which is but an infinitesimal part of the whole, we have seen that the ocean must be indeed a garden of beauty even though all its flowers are full of life—in every amazing and beautiful combination of mechanism, color and size. The more we study its mysteries the more we shall see that every living being, even to the most minute, is perfect in itself, and that the almost unknown body of the stone animal is as fearfully and wonderfully made as that of man himself, while all, by the astounding wisdom of God, are constituted most favorably for the purposes they are designed to fill in the kingdom of nature, and are working together for His good, who framed them for his own especial service.



THE LAWS OF SPENDING.

It would seem as if, when the income had been earned, no law should be allowed to limit or check the direction in which it should go, and yet the most lawless are bound, and in spite of themselves have to meet certain obligations entailed by the very fact of possessing an income. Chafe as one may the actual necessities of daily life are inexorable, and he who would have a quiet mind for work or enjoyment must plan for them wisely. Here as in everything else, the law, recognized as just and accepted deliberately and with clear consciousness of what such acceptance implies, ceases to be a burden, and becomes rather an inspiration and stimulus to continued and better effort.

The laws of spending are simple, and yet confusion reigns in many homes because they have never been presented clearly enough to compel understanding and action. The same wise man quoted in a former paper on "Earners and Spenders" defined them as "the law of choice, the law of amount and the law of method," and though different arrangement could easily be made there is no better summary for the spender of any income, large or small.

The "law of choice" has a comfortable sound, seeming to put one at once on an independent footing, yet when definition is attempted is simply that "as we cannot have everything we must give up some things for the sake of having others." Then arises the question of what to give up, and here comes in one of the greatest differences in capacity, among both men and women, that of seeing things in their true order. For many, great things are made always to wait on little things, and the smallest accident is sufficient to spoil a day and make a whole family uncomfortable and unhappy. So in expenditure, a small need is allowed to rise up and dwarf far greater ones. The law, and the only law that can hinder such disaster, is a distinction possible for all, "that things which end wholly or mainly in privileges for the body should be limited in favor of things which tend to the higher joys of mind and heart."

Self-indulgence has grown to be so much a part of our easy and prosperous American life that we are very apt to resent the necessity of ending it even in slight degree. Yet often a good might be accomplished with ease if we were willing to do without some small luxury. A set of books, a picture, a microscope, anything earnestly desired by some one of the family to whom its possession would mean progress in a larger intellectual or spiritual life, could often be had if some table luxury were set aside. Cake, for instance, or desserts on any day but Sunday, could be dispensed with, with no real loss in comfort or health, and their cost will be found a large portion of the weekly table expenses. To go without is not agreeable, and yet with limited income this is one certain means of obtain-

ing many coveted, and unless one will go without, unattainable possessions.

The "law of amount" is even more binding, and implies not only "Live within your income," but "Live so far within it as to save something every year." It is the fashion to sneer at small savings and economies, a fashion that makes us one of the most lavish nations on the face of the earth, yet the only road to real independence lies here. And because money will be spent for many things, each one of which standing alone seems perfectly reasonable, and yet sums up in the total as ruinous extravagance, the final law becomes most essential of all.

The "law of method" then, meaning not only the accurate keeping of accounts, but a fixed determination beforehand just how much shall be spent, is the final essential of all incomes. It is not easy to settle upon what are essentials and what non-essentials. Still less is it easy to decide before experience has given the necessary lessons just what portion must go for food, fuel, light, etc. And because food at least is bought with less calculation than any other household necessity there is a popular belief that calculation is impossible. Where it is attempted an immediate suspicion of meanness and skimpiness seems to attach itself at once. Even when the calculation is made there is constant temptation to break through the self-imposed bounds. The temptation becomes stronger where there is promiscuous hospitality, a simple meal seeming an offense to one's guest, and thus the point of almost inevitable loss and waste is made by custom and by false feeling a still more troublesome and almost hopeless one with which to contend.

Out of all such entanglement the "law of method" will sooner or later lead. Decide once for all, and then be adamant to all undermining of resolution. It will mean in the beginning discomfort and probably mortification, even when good sense assures one that the course is the only honorable one. But with every month of continuance it grows easier. Wants will remain, but more and more they take their true place and become subsidiary to higher needs. The conscience and resolve will applied to one phase of daily life have insensibly ennobled and strengthened the whole character, and small as were the beginnings there is incalculable gain in the end. If prosperity comes there is less chance of its bringing with it the selfishness and insensibility to others' needs often found in its train. If it fails at least the higher properties remain.

"What is excellent, As God lives, is permanent."

Out of all the drudging discipline the soul may come finer and truer for such labor, and the day of small things mean a final and fuller capacity for the Infinite.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

Bean and Tomato Soup.
Boiled Cod with Egg Sauce.
Baked Mutton Cutlets.
Boiled Potatoes. Corn Pudding.
Salad: Chopped Cabbage.
Cocoanut Pudding.
Coffee.

BEAN AND TOMATO SOUP.

Two quarts of bean stock reserved from bean soup given in No. 13, one can of tomatoes, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and half an one of pepper. Cut the tomatoes small, add one cup of boiling water and the seasoning, and stew to a pulp. About half an hour will be required. Then put the bean stock on to heat, and when at boiling point add to the tomato which has been rubbed through a sieve. Cut two large slices of bread into dice, fry brown in a little butter and put in the tureen, pouring the soup upon them and serving at once while they are still crisp.

BOILED COD.

Allow fifteen minutes to the pound in boiling. Sew the fish in a thin cloth, unless you have a regular fish boiler; cover with boiling water, salted and with one tablespoonful of vinegar in it. This makes the fish firmer and more flaky. The boiling must be a gentle simmer, anything more rapid breaking the fish in pieces.

EGG SAUCE.

Two tablespoonsfuls of butter and one of flour, juice of one lemon, a saltspoonful of salt and one of white pepper, one large cup of boiling water. Melt butter and flour together, stirring steadily until smooth; add the water, and then the lemon and seasoning; boil a minute and add the egg, and pour immediately into gravy boat. The lemon may be omitted and two hard-boiled eggs chopped and added instead of the raw one.

BAKED MUTTON CUTLETS.

Trim very carefully, putting all bits of meat and bone over in a pint of cold water to make stock for gravy. Melt a spoonful of butter and pour a little on each cutlet, letting them stand about fifteen minutes. Dip each one in an egg

beaten with one spoonful of cold water, and then into cracker crumbs. Lay them in a dripping pan and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes or half an hour, basting twice after the first ten minutes with a little butter and water. Boil the gravy down to one cupful, take out the chops on a hot dish, pour the gravy into the dripping pan and let it boil there a moment to secure all the juice; thicken it with one tablespoonful of brown flour, and season with one of tomato catsup, a saltspoonful of pepper and two of salt. Strain it over the chops and serve hot. Another method is to lay the chops in a large frying pan after baking, strain the gravy over them, stew for ten minutes and serve very hot.

CORN PUDDING.

One pint of grated or finely cut green corn, or one can of the preserved, one pint of milk, two well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and half an one of pepper. Butter a pudding dish holding a little more than a quart, mix seasoning and eggs with the corn and the butter which has first been melted and last the milk. Bake in a moderate oven half an hour, or till a knife blade put into the pudding comes out clean. Too long baking makes it turn to whey, and it requires as careful watching as a custard.

CHOPPED CABBAGE, OR COLD SLAW.

One small white cabbage washed and laid in cold water for an hour, then chopped fine and covered with a dressing as follows: Melt in a small porcelain-lined or agate saucepan a piece of butter as large as an egg, stir into it half a teaspoonful of mustard, one even teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper, with half a teaspoonful of celery essence or celery salt. Add a small cup of good vinegar and bring to boiling point. As it boils stir in the beaten eggs, and take from the fire the moment it thickens. Let it stand till cold. Mix with the cabbage and stand in a cold place. It will keep several days.

COCOANUT PUDDING.

One cocoanut grated, one heaping cup of fine bread crumbs made from rather stale bread, omitting the crust, which can be dried in the oven and rolled fine for cutlets, etc. One pint of milk, one cup of granulated sugar, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of rose water, quarter of a grated nutmeg, butter the size of an egg. Soak the crumbs in the milk. If the desiccated cocoanut must be used take two cupfuls and soak that also, at least an hour before using. Cream the butter, sugar and flavoring together, add the eggs and last the milk and crumbs. Bake slowly in a buttered dish for one hour. Two of the whites may be reserved and beaten stiff; add two tablespoonsfuls of powdered sugar. Spread on the pudding the moment it comes from the oven. Better cold than hot. The meringue can be browned if preferred.

SOME CURIOUS PATENTS.

SOME of the applications made for patents are very amusing, but however funny the idea, if it is only original with the applicant the patent can be secured. The rights of the American inventor are sacred, and no commissioner of patents dares infringe upon them. It will be sad news to many a prudent housewife to learn that every time she pricks a hole in an egg with a pin she is violating the patent of an American inventor, but such is the case. Years ago an inventive genius devoted himself to discovering a method to prevent eggs from cracking during the process of boiling. He solved the problem by picking a pin-hole in one end of the egg, through which the air in the shell was allowed to escape, and this pin-hole he duly patented according to law. Precisely how he manages to collect his royalty is a mystery, but the fact remains that he has a legal claim for royalty on every pin-hole made in an egg before boiling. An application has recently been made for the patent of a machine to prevent young orphan chickens from being lonely. This is an invention which should and probably will commend itself to Mr. Bergh. The inventor claims that hundreds of chickens hatched out in the artificial incubators become lonely because they miss the "Cluck! cluck!" of the mother hen, which is the lullaby of all well-regulated chickens hatched in the natural way, and many are killed by this loneliness. He has arranged a system of clock-work which produces a noise somewhat similar to that of the hen, which he proposes to attach to the incubator, and on this machine a patent is asked. A patent has been issued on a clog for fowls, designed to prevent them from scratching in gardens. It consists of a wire in the shape of a hairpin, sharp at the points. This is attached to the feet of the fowl in such a way that when it attempts to scratch the points enter the ground and prevent the claws from reaching it.

You might as well try to tell the amount of money in a safe by feeling the knobs, as to tell what is in a man's head by feeling his bumps.—Holmes.

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THE many friends of Col. J. W. WOLCOTT will learn with pleasure that he has disposed of the Brunswick and taken the new and elegant HOTEL VENDOME, built expressly for him and under his direction; so that every requirement for comfort and enjoyment has been accomplished and no expense spared to make it a hotel up to the standard of refinement now demanded by Boston. Col. WOLCOTT has produced this result, and his former patrons of the Brunswick will be glad to verify it and avail themselves of his success. They will find their old host in his new quarters, the Hotel Vendome, much better able to dispense his gracious hospitality than before, and they may be assured of the same attention, the same courtesy and efforts to make his guests at their ease, which all remember with pleasure who have lived under his roof.

The VENDOME is at the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Dartmouth Street, extending 240 feet on the former and 125 feet on the latter. Including the mansard roof and the basement, it is eight stories in height. The fronts are of white Tuckaboe and Italian marble, the windows and doors having elaborate carvings. The roof and towers are of wrought iron covered with slate. The floors are laid upon iron beams and brick arches, and all interior partitions are of strictly incombustible material. On the first floor are the various public rooms, five dining rooms, an elegant banquet hall 30 by 110 feet, and the grand parlors—all reached by the main entrance and by a private entrance on Commonwealth Avenue, so that clubs and parties



COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, Showing the Brattle-square Church and the Vendome.

can be served without interference with the ordinary business of the hotel. There is also an entrance for ladies on Dartmouth Street. The rotunda is paved with English encaustic tiles, in colors and patterns harmonizing with the furnishings, and is most exquisitely finished in hard woods, cathedral glass and fresco work. The great dining-hall, with seats for 320 persons, is richly adorned with mirrors, carved mahogany and cherry wood, frescoes and a handsome frieze. Each of the six upper stories contains seventy rooms, grouped so as to be used singly or in suites. Two of the celebrated Whittier passenger elevators, one baggage and several smaller ones for special purposes, provide ample facilities for transit up and down. The plumbing work is almost marvelous, for every improvement to secure health and comfort has been introduced. Every apartment has access to a spacious bath-room, which, as well as every gas fixture, has its own independent ventilating tubes. No open basins are placed in chambers, but all are shut off in the closets adjoining. Every room is provided with open fire-places, although the whole building is heated by steam. The registers serve a double purpose—supplying either ventilation or warmth, the change being brought about by simply turning the knob to the right or to the left. The rooms are all virtually "outside rooms," and every suite has a bay-window. In short, there is hardly an improvement of modern times that has not been introduced into this noble edifice. The furniture, too, in every room, on all floors, is luxurious—the parlors being as beautifully furnished and as handsomely decorated as those of any American hotel, not excepting the Windsor in New York, the Palmer in Chicago and the Palace in San Francisco. The Vendome was built in 1860 by Charles Whitney, a wealthy citizen of Boston, at a cost of nearly a million dollars, expressly for Col. J. W. WOLCOTT, who is to-day recognized as the peer of any hotel landlord. He has been identified with only three hotels, but these have been conducted in such a manner as

to win for him the distinction he now enjoys. The Hotel Brunswick, too, was built expressly for him, and he furnished it so elegantly and conducted it so admirably that all of his guests would be willing to concur with Sothern when he deliberately wrote: "I have lived in hotels all over the globe, and I have never met one so well managed in every department;" and also with Dion Boucicault's statement: "My professional duties carry me every year between San Francisco and Paris, ranging through the intermediate cities, and I fail to remember any hotel within that range that can compete with this."

Col. Wolcott, with his valuable experience and enviable reputation, has opened the Vendome on a scale much grander than that of his former hotels, and expects to conduct it in even a more satisfactory manner.

In the experience of Col. Wolcott, one can readily see what an illustrious host the proprietor of a leading hotel becomes. Even the oldest and most hospitable individual can count on his fingers the distinguished persons whom he has entertained, but a landlord like Col. Wolcott entertains so many that he would find it difficult to recall them. For example, at his hotels he has been the host of two Presidents of the United States—Grant and Hayes—with their suites; and if all his eminent guests were marshaled together they would form a small army of presidents, senators, congressmen, ministers of state, dukes, barons, bishops, deans, generals, governors, mayors, and professional men of all classes. The Vendome was opened August 31, 1880, when partly finished, in order to accommodate the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It was regularly opened in the following October, and is already well filled with guests, the greater part of them being well-to-do citizens of Boston, who make the Vendome their home. There remains one prominent feature of a first-class hotel to be mentioned—the *cuisine*. It has already been intimated that the main dining-hall is luxurious in every respect, that all its appointments

display exquisite taste, and it can be safely added that the *cuisine* would readily gratify even an epicure having the daintiest appetite.

The Vendome is so perfect that many years will pass, not only before anybody will attempt to improve upon it, but before there will be any possibility to do so; for it is the most costly and largest hotel that can be profitably supported in a city of the size and situation of Boston. It is, moreover, one of the grandest structures of its kind, and one of the most elaborately furnished hotels in the world. Its situation can hardly be surpassed, adjacent as it is to the Charles River, on either bank of which live two of America's poets, Longfellow and Holmes, whose houses can be seen from the Vendome. In the vicinity of the hotel are the Public Garden, the Boston Common, the site of the proposed Back Bay Park, and the projected Charles River embankment. Its surroundings need only be indicated to prove that they are almost incomparable in this country, for among them are the New Old South, Trinity Church, First Church, Second Church, Emmanuel Church, Brattle Square Church, Central Congregational Church, Museum of Fine Arts, Society of Natural History, Institute of Technology, Chauncy Hall School, Boston and Providence Railroad Depot, the new Harvard Medical School, the proposed buildings of the Boston Public Library, the Boston Art Club, and Lawn Tennis Club.

Commonwealth Avenue, on which the Vendome has its main front, is perhaps the finest boulevard in America. It is 240 feet wide; through its centre is a strip of improved parkland 100 feet wide, and along its sides are hundreds of well-constructed and architecturally beautiful residences. Look up or down Commonwealth Avenue, by day, when the stately lines of buildings and the several rows of trees can be seen for a distance of a mile or more, or by night, when the avenue is lighted by four continuous rows of gas lamps throughout its length, and you will see one of the most attractive thoroughfares either in this country or in Europe.

The whole district popularly known as the "Back Bay District," of which the Vendome is, perhaps, the geographical centre, is a result of Boston's ingenuity and progress. The old city was pear-shaped, and was becoming too densely populated, when necessity suggested that much land might be gained by filling in the harbor, bay, and swamps. These have been appropriated from time to time, until the city now comprises, in new-made land alone, several times its original area, the part gained from the Back Bay being, in itself, larger than the whole of primitive Boston. This part comprises about 1000 acres, filled in under a contract made between the Back Bay Commissioners and Norman C. Munson; and, although many Bostonians had great expectations as to the future of this property, not one of them ever believed that the entire district would, in the short space of a quarter of a century become one of the grandest architectural sections of the world.

But the Vendome is the "latest and costliest, and, in many respects, the most imposing, as well as the most central" of the many specimens of the best modern architecture, that have been erected in the Back Bay District.

There can be no doubt that Colonel WOLCOTT merits abundant reward for erecting in Boston, the Vendome, fire-proof in construction, palatial in appearance, sumptuous in its furnishings, complete in its appointments, delightful in its surroundings, unequalled in its situation, and unsurpassed in its management, and there is every probability that he will obtain the reward which he has so faithfully earned.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN.

PLEADING A DOG CASE.

"On, yes, I am in the nautical line just now," said the captain of a fishing boat on the wharf at New London the other day; "but I'm sort of a Jack-at-all-trades. I own a fish factory and a dozen boats; I am a licensed pilot; I've been in the general assembly of the State of New York, and I'm not a bad lawyer. Do you see that big black nigger down there on the stern of my boat? You do? Well, his name is Jim. He's my best hand. Not long ago I was going up the street of the little town where my fish factory is, over on the island, and I saw Jim leading a black and tan dog by a string. I knew the dog; it belonged to Jake Styles, who lived not far from my fish factory, and it had barked at me every week, if not every day, of its life. The day but one afterwards Jim sent for me in great distress. He had been arrested for stealing Styles' dog. I went down to the lock-up, and I said:

"This is a pretty go, Jim. I am needing you the worst way. We are going to have splendid weather, and the boats are all going out to-night. Who have you got to defend you?"

"No one," said Jim dolefully. "I've no money. They'll jug me, for Styles has engaged Esquire Brown."

"Now I had a grudge against Brown that I wanted to cross out, so I said:

"Haven't you five friends that will swear that you was over at New London, at a wedding, day before yesterday, and so couldn't have seen the dog at all?"

"No trouble about that," said Jim. So, when the case was called, I got up and said:

"May it please your honor, I am not a lawyer, but I am here in behalf of this poor unfortunate fellow, and I trust you will take no exceptions, for any one can try a dog case." I waited a little, and then I said:

"I propose to prove to your honor that Jim was not in town the day that Styles claims his dog was stolen."

Thereupon I called the five witnesses. They all told the same straight story, and as the last one left the stand the Judge said:

"This case is dismissed," and Jim started off with his wife and children and comrades in high glee. Just as some of the bystanders were congratulating me upon my success and advising me to join the bar I called to Jim, who was going down the steps, and I said:

"Look here, you black rascal, go and get that dog and bring it back to Styles at once, and I will stand the racket."

"Jim turned, rolling up his eyes in dismay.

"None of that," said I. "I saw you lead off the dog. I want to see you leading it back right away."

Brown, the opposing counsel was on his feet in a minute, his face white as a sheet; but before he could speak I said:

"Jim was very fortunate in his witnesses. Had he called my testimony would have convicted him at once. I think we are even now, Mr. Brown; good day!"

"Good-day, sir," said Brown. But he was mad enough to drown me, and that was natural enough; a fellow don't like to have another get the better of him. I don't myself."

ESTRAYS.

PASSING around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.

A YOUNG married man whose house rent is paid by his mother-in-law alludes to her as his darling pay-rent.

A WAG suggested that a suitable opening for many choirs would be, "Lord have mercy on us miserable singers."

THE clothes communion Baptists are those who meet together to compare dress finery.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

PATTI says it is her ambition "to live quietly and sing to the poor." Her system of gratifying this ambition is to take mighty good care that by the time people get in where they can hear her sing they are very poor.—*Boston Post*.

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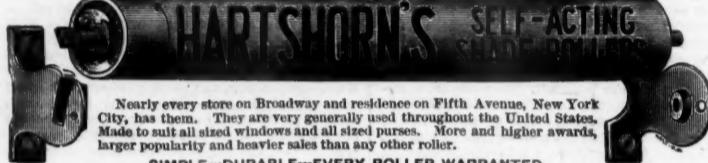
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George.—Lawn Tennis? aw, yes, I should think it might be very nice—if it wasn't for the weakly unbecoming costumes of the men—and the exercise required—and, after all, you know, it's rather too much like doing something.

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